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FEATURE STORY

## ALIAS LOUIS VARDON

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Watch for No. 59, containing "The Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by Caroline Ringold

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# ALIAS LOUIS VARDON

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

THE interurban trolley between Tacoma and Seattle is a three-car train, quite frequently well filled. As it drew out of its side-street terminal in Tacoma at three o'clock on a certain day in the middle of July in the current year of nineteen hundred and nineteen, there swung aboard an agile, youngish individual with a black slouch hat pulled down rakishly over one eye, wearing a pointed beard of an obsolete type. Across his nose there was a scar which reminded the astute observer immediately of Heidelberg. This man was a marked man—the man who became known later, in certain eventful criminal court proceedings in Seattle, by the name of Louis Vardon.

Owing to the fact that the day was Saturday, the interurban was overcrowded with army men from the nearby cantonment. The new-comer hesitated for an instant upon the platform of the car he boarded, scanning, a bit apprehensively perhaps, the faces of the men in khaki. Then he wedged his way inside. Half-way down the aisle he stopped. Here was a seat only partially filled—its occupant a very winsome young woman, whose right arm rested on the window sill, whose left arm was suspended in a swing. That the seat was partly vacant was due doubtless to that fact—almost any passenger might hesitate before assuming the responsibility of jolting this girl's arm by sitting next to her. The private soldiers in the car may have left her to herself for another and weightier reason. But the man known henceforth as Louis Vardon hesitated not an instant. He took the seat quite as a matter of course. In doing so, however, he left the girl more than ample room. As he doffed his hat, he appraised her with a swift, comprehensive glance. He seemed well sat-

isfied—the girl was young, with very expressive and rather wistful eyes, and with the fair hair and the clear complexion of the Northwestern beauties. She hastened to make room for him, meeting his bow with a flash of her white teeth. He dropped into conversation as easily as he had dropped into her seat.

"Nurse," he remarked, "you have met with sore mishap."

The girl stared at him. She was trying to place him.

"You know me?" she returned. "You've seen me at Camp Lewis?"

The young stranger shook his head. "I've never seen you," he replied.

"You called me nurse—well, I am a nurse. How could you know?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I can always spot 'em," he returned. "There's an air of camaraderie about them—they meet strangers quite on equal terms."

"Hard-shelled, middle-aged," laughed the girl.

"No," he said, "young—but sort of wide between the eyes. A bad fracture?" he queried.

"Bad time getting it," she answered. "Typhoid patient—a delirious young giant from Montana—mistook me for a Boche bayoneteer. I'm off on three months' leave to let my arm get well."

Vardon stared a bit superciliously at the men about him. They glowered at him quite savagely in turn. They didn't like his nerve.

"Three months' leave," he mused. He glanced at her dress-suit case—then, quite eagerly, at her. "You live in Seattle, I presume?" he said

"I've always lived there," she returned. And asked him her question with her eyes. She was not curious—it was her habit to make herself agreeable.

"I'm just in from Chicago," nodded Vardon. "I've been in Tacoma overnight. I've been looking for the mountains, but they can't be seen. This haze is everywhere—the mist won't clear."

"Not mist," returned the girl, "forest fires. This year worse than ever."

"Prolonged drought?" he queried.

She shook her head. "Worse," she returned. "I. W. W.—and war. The forest fires are set."

Louis Vardon pondered on this answer for a moment. "I W. W.," he finally repeated. "How do you know?"

"I know," returned the girl slowly, with some haunting memory present in her voice. "I know well, because last year they burned us out."

"We?" interposed Vardon.

"My father's lumber mill," she went on. "It was totally destroyed. My father lost over a hundred thousand dollars—all we had was in the mill. That loss killed my father."

"I. W. W.?" reiterated Vardon.

"Yes, we know," returned the girl.

"You ran them down?"

"My father didn't dare. He was terribly afraid of what might happen to us two girls."

"In a civilized city!" exclaimed Vardon.

"Exactly," nodded the girl, "in a civilized city—in that civilized city they burned us out. We were making timber for the shipyards. So they burned us out. They're keeping on. That's why we cannot see any of the mountains—Mount Rainier."

Louis Vardon drew forth a time-worn card case. From it he selected an engraved card and handed the card to the girl. It bore the name of Larry Vickers, Chicago, Ill.

"Vickers," mused the girl, accepting the card quite as a matter of course. "That name seems somehow familiar."

"If you've been back East," suggested he.

She shook her head. "I've never been back East," she answered. She hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. "My name is Winters—Emily Winters, Mr. Vickers," she announced.

"Miss Winters," said Vardon, thrusting his card case into his waistcoat pocket, "for some time I've been traveling a lonely road. You have assumed that my speaking to you was not a matter of effrontery. You are quite right. You've helped me out—I trust you can help me more. I shall stay in Seattle for a month. I am not made of money. I prefer not to put up at a hotel. You know Seattle. Do you know of any boarding-house where I can stay?"

The girl started slightly. Then, with as keen a glance as his, she took stock of him. There were things about him that she didn't like. She didn't like that pointed black beard—she didn't like that sinister scar across the man's nose. And she wondered vaguely why he was not clad in khaki. The man was travel worn and dusty. Yet—he had money. She had seen yellowbacks protruding from the pockets of his card case. After all, business is business. Why not?

"Our old homestead," said the girl at length, "is on the top of the Yesley Way hill. It's a seventeen-room house. My sister Rose—she's a widow—lets out rooms to shipyard men. They're good pay, and she does well. She's very grasping," smiled the girl. "She always asks two weeks' rent in advance, and she always can make room for just one more. Very likely I'll put in my three months sleeping with her in the back yard in a tent."

"You will be living there?" he queried.

She nodded. "In my one-armed way," she said, "I'm going to help out. She works hard, Rose does—too hard."

Louis Vardon looked at his hands. The girl could see that they were white and soft. "Shipworkers," he said softly. "The chances are I'll be taking a job in a shipyard myself—or maybe in a lumber mill. Why not?"

The girl's voice hardened just a trifle. Her glance strayed from his dark clothes to the khaki of the men crowding the aisle. "Skilled shipworkers are very valuable men," she said. "Besides that, they don't have to go to war."

"Quite true," he nodded. "I may decide to cast my lot with them."

In the city of Seattle the interurban stops where the Yesler cable car starts up—at the famous totem pole. Vardon, carrying the girl's suitcase, followed her to the cable.

"Follow this car track with your eye," she said.

He obeyed her. The track seemed lost somewhere in the heavens.

He whistled. "A mile high," he said, "and forty-five degrees."

"Profanity Hill," she explained, "the lawyers named it. That black building at the top is the old courthouse. They used to climb up to it every day."

"And your homestead?" he queried, peering through the haze toward the summit of the steep hill.

"It's above the courthouse," she returned. "It overlooks the town."

"Good," he exclaimed. "Couldn't be better—overlooks the town."

"Here's our car," went on the girl.

They boarded it. Three-fourths of the way up the long hill their car came to a dead stop. There was a reason. The street ahead was blocked by a multitude of people. Vardon thrust his head out of the window.

"What's the row?" he queried.

Somewhere in the distance an automatic barked. "What's the row?" persisted Vardon. Somebody in the crowd answered:

"They're trying to break jail again—that bunch."

Vardon turned to the girl.

"Again?" he queried.

She nodded. "They tried it once," she said. "One of them was killed."

"Who," he said, "are they?"

"I. W. W.'s," she answered. "Two hundred or so—held on an open charge."

"Open charge?" he repeated.

"Held on general principles," she said.

"Eventually," he commented, "they'll all get out."

"It looks that way," she said.

The car clanged its way through the mob. Three blocks further on the girl alighted, Vardon following at her heels. Two minutes later they entered the portal of a big house—old-fashioned, rambling—perched on the tiptop of the hill. A moment later they were facing the girl's sister Rose.

"Mr. Vickers," said the girl with a smile and a nod of her head, "my sister, Mrs. Haverhill. Mr. Vickers is another victim, Rose."

"There's always room for one more," said Mrs. Haverhill.

"I told you she'd say that," laughed the girl.

Vardon looked at Mrs. Haverhill and Mrs. Haverhill looked at Vardon. Mrs. Haverhill was still young, and still attractive, but not so much as her sister Emily. Vardon learned later that her matrimonial experience had been disastrous—ending, fortunately for her, in the death of her profligate husband. This experience had left her a bit hard-mouthed and wary. She was very self-possessed, yet very pleasing too.

"I've got a sleeping porch at the top of the house," she said. "It's the last room and the best one I've got." She stated its price. "And," she added smilingly, "I shall want three weeks' pay in advance."

"Lead me to it," smiled Vardon. She led him to it. It was a roomy, outdoors apartment, neatly furnished. Vardon strode to the balustrade.

"This," he commented, "overlooks the city."

"Very much so," said his young landlady.

"That big black elephant just below you?" he queried.

"You passed it on your way up," she said, "the old courthouse. Used now as the county jail."

He whipped out a pair of small binoculars and adjusted them. "To be sure," he mused, "full view of the city—and the county jail." He nodded, counted out some bills and passed them over. "Mrs. Haverhill," he exclaimed, "so far as I'm concerned, the deal is closed."

Whatever else may have been the new lodger's mission in Seattle, unquestionably it did not involve the building of ships, nor, in fact, the performance of any other form of manual labor. He came and went, quite at will, at all hours of the day and night. His hands kept soft and white. His dark suit was quite immaculate.

"If he wants work," said Rose Haverhill to her sister, "he can get it. The shipyards will take anybody who applies. So will the unions. What's the man after anyway. What do you think?"

Emily Winters shook her head. "I think," she said, "that he may be none of my business."

"That's what you say," retorted Rose, "but you think about him all the time. And you think just what I think—that he's a plain, every-day sort of slacker, just keeping out of sight."

"Not a plain, every-day sort of one," protested Emily. "If it weren't for that terrible beard and that scar across his nose——"

"If it weren't for a whole lot of things," said Rose, who held no illusions whatever concerning the masculine fraternity, "every man would be quite distinguished—this Larry Vickers along with the rest. That scar—probably got drunk and fell on an iron railing. Maybe he tried to beat his wife and she hit him back."

Emily laughed. "I perceive," she remarked, "that he piques your curiosity just as much as he does mine."

"Curiosity," cried Rose. "Do you know what that man does up there nights?"

"He doesn't snore?" exclaimed her young sister, horrified.

"Snore," echoed Rose. "He sits there in the dark, with those powerful little glasses of his, and scans the city from one end to the other—for an hour, two hours, three."

"How do you know?" cried Emily.

"I made it my business to know," said Rose. "And last night he talked——"

"To you?"

"To himself. I heard him plainly. 'The pikers,' he kept saying, 'why don't they give me an opportunity worth while?' Sweeping the city with those little glasses—asking why the pikers didn't give him an opportunity worth while. I—I don't like him, Emmy; I don't like him at all."

"Well," returned her sister gently, "somehow or other I do."

There was a tap upon the door. Rose, who held all business conversations in the hall, opened the door and started from the room. Her way was blocked by the figure of Mr. Larry Vickers.

"May I come in?" queried the lodger.

Rose hesitated. Emily did not. "Come in," she cried, "and make yourself at home."

He stepped inside and looked about him. "This," he said, "is home."

"It's our old living room," explained Emily. "We've crowded all the Winters heirlooms into this space, including my sister and myself."

He glanced at the bookshelves interestedly. "Maybe," he said, "I might borrow reading matter now and then."

"Help yourself," said Emily. Rose glared at her with disapproval.

"Possibly," he went on, "I might drop in once in a while. I'll tell you how it is. I've traveled a lone road for a long while. I'm still going it alone. I wouldn't mind it so much, only I've failed. Time and again I've been on the very heels of success, and something's tripped me up."

"Oh, yes," said Rose, "my husband was very much that way himself. I know."

"There are times," went on the lodger, "when I feel that I've got to have somebody to talk to."

"I understand," said Emily, flashing toward their visitor a sympathetic smile.

Then something happened. There was a hurried ring at the house door. A colloquy between the little Chinese servant and somebody in the front hall. Then a knock on the door of the living room. Rose hastened from the room. She came back with pallid face.

"Two men for Mr. Vickers," she announced, her voice shaking. Vickers bowed hastily to Emily, then to her sister, and left the room. Rose stared horror-stricken at Emily.

"Rose," cried Emily.

"Two of the men that used to work for father," ex-

claimed Rose, "and one of them is Krantz—the man that we were sure burned down our mill."

"Did he know you?" queried Emily.

Rose shook her head. "But I knew him," she added. She stepped to the door and pressed a button. The little Chinese servant immediately appeared. He reported that the men had gone upstairs with Mr. Vickers—were up there now.

An hour later the three men, including the new lodger, came downstairs and left the house. Rose watched them from a window—they waited on the corner and boarded the first Yesler Way cable car that came along—a car bound for the center of the city. Rose crept upstairs to the new lodger's room and returned in triumph. She held two cards in the air.

"Circumstantial evidence," she said. She handed one of the cards to Emily. It was a gaudily decorated affair, evidently intended for surreptitious circulation. It bore this disjointed inscription on its face:

"BEWARE! Good Pay or Bum Work. I. W. W. One Big Union. We Never Forget. SABOTAGE."

"The other," said Rose, "is an I. W. W. membership card——"

"Issued to Louis Vardon," said Emily. "That must be the man who came with Krantz."

"You little idiot," cried Rose. "Louise Vardon. L. V. Guess?"

"I can't believe it," cried Emily.

"I can," said Rose, "and do."

Rose started for the door. "What are you going to do?" queried her sister.

"I'm going to put these cards back where I got them from," said Rose.

"And then what?"

"Nothing," said Rose.

"Aren't you going to notify the police?"

"And ruin the reputation of my house!" cried Rose. "Beside I have no evidence of crime."

"Those three men," persisted Emily, "they might—do anything."

"Granted," smiled Rose grimly, "particularly friend L. V. Why," she demanded, "don't you notify the police, my dear?"

"I don't believe," returned her younger sister, "that he's capable of——"

"Capable," interposed Rose. "Listen. Any man is capable of doing anything. The only difference is that some of them do things and some of them don't. L. V. is capable of doing anything, my dear."

"Well," persisted Emily, "I don't believe he's done anything—as yet."

"He will," cried Rose, "he will. You mark my words—he will."

He did. For two days and two nights he was absent. On the third night there was a red glare from the vicinity of Lake Washington—a glare that lit up the eastern sky. Next morning Rose thrust a daily paper into the hands of her sister.

"A good portrait of your friend L. V.," she said. "The pikers gave him an opportunity worth while at last. He took it, didn't he?"

Emily gasped. "He's a murderer," she cried.

"A self-confessed murderer," said Rose.

He was all of that, this Louis Vardon, with the pointed beard and the sinister scar across his face. The night before the McMurtry sawmill—a huge concern on the lake shore but within the city limits—had been set on fire. The night watchman, who lived in a little shack on the premises, had been burned to death. The man, Vardon, skulking in the vicinity, had been arrested on suspicion. He had been put through a grueling inquisition. Confronted with the half-charred remains of the unfortunate victim of the fire, Vardon had made a complete confession. He had been immediately lodged in the county jail to wait the action of the grand jury on the ground of murder and arson in the first degree.

"What," demanded Rose apprehensively, "does it say about his residencce?"

Fortunately, it said nothing. At the bottom of the column was a brief statement that Vardon was a stranger in the city and had arrived the day before from San Francisco. Further, there was a wire from Frisco to the effect that Louis Vardon was not known there.

Emily turned to her sister a white, shocked face.

"If we'd had him arrested he wouldn't have committed murder," she exclaimed.

"Maybe not yet, but soon," said Rose. "Perhaps it's just as well to get it over at the start."

Three nights later they were awakened by a fusillade of shots. The sound came from somewhere down the hill. Rose crept out of bed, drawing on her dressing gown as she did so, and peered out through the open window. As she did so a blinding flash of light shot into the room.

"The searchlight at the courthouse," she cried to Emily. "There's another jailbreak on."

There was another fusillade of shots—there were hoarse cries. From the neighboring houses doors opened and shut. Men clad in shirt and trousers sallied forth to join the curious mob. Above, on the upper floors of their own house, the girls heard the stir of awakened lodgers, men calling sleepily to each other from window to window. A police automobile rounded the corner and swung into their street, humming slowly along, feeling its way with its powerful spotlight raking every nook and cranny as it went. A dozen of Rose's lodgers tumbled pellmell down the stairs and went out into the night to investigate. One by one they came straggling back and reported. Thirty or forty of the I. W. W. had broken out—were missing. And some desperate characters among them. It was to be expected—now the city'd get a move on and build a regular jail.

The neighborhood settled down—quiet intervened. But at four o'clock a slender shadow stole along the street, paused at the Winters homestead, crept up upon the porch, inserted a latchkey in the door and disappeared within. Rose, drowsing, wakened.

"Who was that?" she whispered.

"The last of the curious," said Emily.

"I counted 'em as they went out and as they came in," said Rose. "They were all in two hours ago."

"Night worker at the yards," said Emily.

Rose reminded her that the night shifts didn't get home till five at least. It worried Rose—that stealthy latch key. She sat up and waited, listening. Her caution was rewarded. Inside three-quarters of an hour she heard stealthy footsteps descending.

"Emily," she cried, "I'm going to spot this man."

As the interloper reached the bottom of the stairs Rose switched on the lights in the broad hall. A slender, clean-shaven young man confronted the two girls—a man with a tell-tale scar across his nose. He walked in his stocking feet; he carried his shoes in his hand. He doffed his slouch hat.

"I had to come back to shave, and get some of my things," he explained suavely. "I tried not to disturb you, but I see I have disturbed you. I apologize."

While he talked he moved steadily toward the front door.

"Mr. Vardon," cried Rose sharply. She darted forward. He swung about and drew an automatic from his hip pocket. Rose took one look at it, then, with a muffled shriek, sprang back into the living room, dragging Emily with her. As she locked and double locked the door, Louis Vardon slipped noiselessly from the house and padded, in his stocking feet, around the corner and out of sight.

"He's a murderer," gasped Rose.

"He's ever so much better looking without that beard," said Emily.

When they examined his room in broad daylight, the I. W. W. cards were gone.

An hour later Louis Vardon slipped into an alleyway in the rear of First avenue, South, in the city of Seattle, and knocked at the rear door of a dingy brick building. The door was opened on a crack.

"I want to see Bruno," he demanded.

"Gimme your card," said the man on the inside.

Vardon handed in his membership card and pressed eagerly against the door.

"By God, let me in," he pleaded. "I'm one of last night's crowd."

The door opened and he was admitted into a white-washed room.

"If you're one of last night's crowd," said the man who admitted him, "there's a swell chance of our keeping you here."

Vardon flashed a stern glance toward the other. "I am Louis Vardon from Chicago," he exclaimed. "Tell Bruno I am here."

Five minutes later, after a devious journey through dark and tortuous passageways, he was led into the presence of the man he looked for—Bruno, the nerve center of I. W. W. activities on the northwest coast.

As Vardon entered the room Bruno was engaged in tearing off a piece of plug tobacco with his teeth. He was a brute of a man, was Bruno. He had the cauliflower ear of the pugilist. He had the face of a rat. He glanced in amazement at Vardon. He was, in fact, alarmed at the classy appearance of his visitor.

"You're not this Louis Vardon," he exclaimed, in thick, guttural tones. Beside him lay a copy of the local paper with Vardon's picture uppermost. Louis Vardon smiled sardonically. He took from his pocket a small black silk handkerchief and draped it across his face after the manner of a beard. Bruno's glance fastened upon that ugly scar.

"Hell!" said Bruno. "You are Vardon, then. And what the devil are you doing here?"

"I have come," returned Vardon, "from Maybrick in Chicago.

"What for?"

"To talk to you."

"And Maybrick sent you?"

"He sure did."

Bruno reflectively adjusted his chew of tobacco to his satisfaction, meantime ruminating. For the present it suited his purpose to take this man on his face value.

"Well," said Bruno slowly, "Maybrick's the boss. And what does Maybrick want?"

Vardon's glance ate into the other man. "Action!" he exclaimed.

"What?" demanded Bruno.

"Maybrick," said Vardon, "wants something that he isn't getting—something that he's paying for and isn't getting—action!"

"Action," yelled Bruno. "Does he know what we've done?"

"He knows," returned Vardon, "what you have done."

"Maybrick ought to be here," cried Bruno. "He'd smell what we've done. Hell, you can sniff wood smoke clear in here. Wait a bit," he went on, bringing himself up with a round turn. "How do I know that you've come from Maybrick."

Vardon shrugged his shoulders. "Krantz," he said, "has told you who I am."

"Krantz," said Bruno, "is a lunkhead. "He's a gull. Beside, he wasn't stuck on you himself."

Vardon tossed across the table his membership card. "My credential," he remarked.

Bruno laughed. "Anybody can join the I. W. W.," he said.

Vardon tapped the newspaper. "You don't suppose I did that for fun?" he queried.

"I'll wire Maybrick and find out what you're doing here," said Bruno.

Vardon smiled and shook his head. "You can't. You know that yourself. Maybrick's on trial in Chicago. Every message that goes to him falls into the hands of the authorities. Beside, if you sent it and it got to him he couldn't answer it. You know that yourself."

"There's one thing that I don't know," growled Bruno, "and that is that you've come from him."

Vardon grunted with annoyance. "I had hoped," he said, "to avoid the necessity of partially undressing. Well, here goes then."

He unlaced his left-hand shoe and drew it off, fumbled for a moment and drew forth the insole. Then, half angrily, he jerked a blank white card toward the other man.

"You know what to do with that," he said.

Bruno held a lighted match under the card. As he did so a black scrawl crept across its white surface. Finally the unmistakable sign-manual of Maybrick of Chicago made itself clearly discernible. Bruno dropped the card. "I'm satisfied," he said.

"You are," cried Vardon, "but Maybrick isn't—and I'm not."

"You?" echoed Bruno a bit contemptuously.

"I," nodded Vardon, "plain English. I'm not satisfied. I want action."

"Smoke is action," returned Bruno with a snarl. "Where there's smoke there must be fire. What are you talking about—action."

Vardon shrugged his shoulders once again. "Bruno," he said, "anybody can set a forest fire. A child can set a forest fire. What does this smoke prove to me? Nothing—save that forest fires are raging. Where? Nobody cares very much. Somewhere in a wilderness."

"Somewhere," said Bruno, "where there's millions of feet of standing timber—millions of feet that go up in smoke."

"A child could do it," went on Vardon, with stinging taunt in his voice, "and you're getting paid for what a child could do."

"Lighting a fire," said Bruno, "is lighting a fire. Fire burns, that's all."

"It's what it burns that's important; you know that," returned Vardon. "Listen, Bruno. Over on the Olympic Peninsula—not fifty miles from here—over on that peninsula, in one valley alone, there are four billion six hundred million feet of standing spruce. In one valley—over four billion feet."

"You want that burned—we'll burn it," exclaimed Bruno. "If I wanted it burned I'd go over and tackle it myself,

or I'd take a ten-year-old boy along with me to do the trick. Get this, Bruno. That four billion feet of spruce won't be touched for a quarter of a century; there won't be an axe laid on a single tree. Get that—get it hard You're robbing posterity when you burn up trees like that, but you're not doing what you're hired for. You haven't stopped a single stick from going into present day use."

"We haven't touched anything on the Olympic Peninsula," said Bruno, purposely misunderstanding the other man's drift. "We've been operating over here."

Vardon shook his head. "Show me a single fire that's been set within a mile of any lumber camp. I'm listening. Go on."

"Ha!" snarled Bruno, "over back of Snohomish we set a fire that ate fifteen miles through the mountains; that fire is going yet."

"Yes," said Vardon, "and the nearest logging-camp to it is Bert Chesler's, and that's ten miles away."

Bruno leaped to his feet. "Then you're not a stranger in these parts," he gasped.

"Sit down," said Vardon, folding his arms. "Do you think Maybrick buys a pig in a poke? What do you think he sent me out here for? Of course I'm not a stranger in these parts. I know every logging-camp inside of fifty miles from here, and then some. What's more, I know what those camps are doing. And what's more, I notice they're still doing it. There's not one of 'em that's shut down, and not one of 'em that's been even singed by fire. You can burn down a trillion feet of lumber and never touch this war. You can burn down five million feet in the proper places and cripple it. That's why Maybrick sent me here. He wants the proper kind of action—organized action. So do I."

Bruno shifted uneasily in his chair. "Well, spit it out," he said, at length; "what is it that you want?"

"I want," replied Vardon, "a bunch of your best men—seventy-five—a hundred of them. Not pikers, not schoolboys. Daredevils—the pick of the lot. You round 'em up. I'll do the rest."

"What's your plan?" queried Bruno. "I don't buy a pig in a poke myself."

"No trouble to show goods," said Vardon; "you listen and I'll do the talking. For this ball has got to start a-rolling by to-morrow night."

One week before Emily Winter's furlough had expired a process-server called at the Winters homestead with two subpoenas. One of these he served personally upon Emily, one upon her sister Rose.

"What are these for?" demanded Rose.

"Government subpoenas," said the youth; "the trial of Vardon and his bunch of I. W. W."

"What," queried Rose, "do they want of us?"

"Search me," said the process server, swinging gaily on his way.

Emily stared at Rose. "I—I don't want to go," she faltered. Rose tossed her head. "You're lucky to get the chance," said Rose; "all Seattle will be jammed inside that court room to see this man Vardon. We'll have front row seats—that counts."

"But—Vardon," persisted Emily.

"What about him," snapped Rose, "he's just one of that rotten bunch—only he's the worst of the lot. Emily, look at me. You make me sick."

Emily shook her head. "He—he can't be capable of that gigantic plot," she cried.

"Pish—tush," said Rose; "he was capable of burning up McMurty's watchman, wasn't he? Haven't I told you that any man is capable of doing anything. Capable," went on Rose, with a note of admiration in her tone, "he's got more capacity than I gave him credit for. The one thing I can't forgive him is his getting caught. He's a slicker traitor than old Benedict Arnold—take my word for that."

Three days later Emily took the witness stand and was duly sworn. Vardon watched her as she gave her testimony. She glanced at him but one; he looked tired and worn. He had once more grown a beard, but it was not long enough to assume shape. It gave him an unkempt and dangerous appearance. His scar added to his undesirable aspect. Emily gave her name, address, occupation, and told briefly of her conversation with Vardon on the train and of his hiring a room from her sister, Mrs. Haverhill.

"You see Vardon in this court-room?" queried the district attorney.

Emily pointed him out. "Now," proceeded the district attorney, "the defendants occupy these first four rows of seats. Among these defendants do you see any whom you know?"

"Yes," said Emily, "a man named Krantz—he's sitting there. And a man named Lust beside him."

"You know these men?"

"Yes."

"How do you know them?"

"They worked in my father's mill—before it burned," said Emily. One of the defence's lawyers was on his feet. "I move to strike the last part of that answer out," he said.

"I'll let it stand," said the judge; "it merely fixes time in the memory of the witness."

"Now," said the district attorney, "did you ever see the defendants Krantz and Lust and Vardon together?"

"I did," said Emily. She told when and where—told all she knew about the Krantz visit to her sister's house. That was all they wanted of her; her testimony constituted a small link in the chain of evidence.

"Mrs. Haverhill," cried the district attorney. Rose took the stand and corroborated Emily. The two girls resumed their seats. "You can go if you like," whispered Rose to Emily, "I'm going to stay." They stayed.

"I'll call," exclaimed the district attorney, "the defendant, Louis Vardon."

There was sudden silence, followed by an outburst of suppressed snarls. Vardon had turned state's evidence, that was clear. It was a stroke of lightning out of a clear sky—a coup the government had held tucked carefully up its sleeve. Rose turned to Emily, wondering. As yet they didn't understand. Vardon took the stand and was sworn.

"In the first place, Vardon," said the district attorney, "you are one of the seventy-three defendants under indictment here?"

"I am," said Vardon.

"You are also under indictment for arson and murder in the first degree in the McMurty mill incendiary case?"

"I am," said Vardon.

"You are under indictment with twenty-seven other men for breaking jail here in this county?"

"I am."

"Have you been tried on the last two indictments?"

"Not as yet," said the witness.

"In this present instance do you take the stand voluntarily or involuntarily—tell the jury that."

Vardon hesitated for a moment. His lips twitched. "Voluntarily," he said at length.

The district attorney then hesitated for a moment, too. "You have turned state's evidence?" he queried.

"I have turned state's evidence," said Vardon. There was a fresh snarl of suppressed rage. Vardon heard it.

But he looked steadily at the rear wall of the court-room. Rose glanced at Emily, with curling lip.

"More of a traitor than I bargained for," she said. Emily did not answer, she was trembling.

"And," went on the district attorney, "you have been promised immunity by the government if you tell the truth."

"I do not expect to be punished if I tell the truth," said Vardon.

"Now," went on the district attorney, "do you know the defendant Bruno——?"

Bruno snarled. For the first time Vardon looked him boldly in the face.

"I know Bruno," said Vardon.

"Do you know Krantz?"

"I do," replied Vardon. "I know Krantz and Lust; in fact, I know them all."

"Have you talked with them all?"

"Yes, every one."

"Who's the first man you met?" asked the district attorney.

"Krantz."

"Fix the time and place and tell us what he said."

"Little said on the first occasion, except that he wanted me to talk to Bruno."

"Did Krantz ever undertake to confide in you?"

"The day I talked with Bruno he told me that Lust and he had set fire to the Winters mill in town, and——"

"Tell us all Krantz said."

The witness told it willingly enough. Then, step by step, the district attorney led him through the recital of his conversation with Lust. Then through the incriminating conversation with Bruno.

"Did Bruno tell you just what they had accomplished here; tell us what he said?"

The witness related it. One by one the district attorney examined him as to the boastful utterances of the remaining defendants; it took all day for the witness to relate the past performances that had been valiantly detailed to him.

Next morning Rose dragged Emily back to the court-room. Their subpoenas got them advantageous seats. Vardon once more took the stand.

"Now, Vardon," said the district attorney, "in this final conference with Bruno, who was present?"

"All the defendants and myself," returned Vardon.

"Was a plan promulgated at that meeting?"

"It was."

"And announced?"

"Announced, in detail, by Bruno."

"What was the plan?"

"The state," replied the witness, "offers certain bounties to rid itself of pests. There is a bounty of one dollar for coyotes, five dollars for wildcat and lynx, twenty for cougar. The plan was for us to start out in parties of ten to kill these animals and get the bounty. Our presence in the vicinity of a logging-camp might be easily explained; these animals prowl around to get discarded food."

"Did Bruno explain the real purpose of these hunting expeditions?"

"He did, in detail. The defendants were to divide themselves into seven hunting parties, each party headed by an expert woodsman. Each party was directed to head itself for one of the big logging camps; it was agreed which one, and to set fires around it in a dozen different places."

"Who gave the directions?"

"Bruno."

"What did the other defendants do?"

"They proceeded at once to arrange their various parties. Bruno and I helped in this division. So did Krantz and Lust."

"Was the purpose—the real purpose—clearly stated?"

"Many times; this was the start of a big campaign to put the big lumber camps entirely out of business. The whole plan was generally discussed by us all."

"How did you pick the seventy-odd men who were in the plan?"

"On their records in the organization. I've already told you how they all boasted of their acts of sabotage."

"What next?"

"We started out. I with a squad of some eleven men. We had guns. We started for the Chesler mill over near Snohomish. The others started off the same way. No time wasted, we just vamosed."

"Did you reach the Chesler logging camp?"

"We did."

"What happened then?"

"The men with me——"

"Who were they?"

The witness named them. "We set two fires—we got them going. Then we set another——"

"What then?"

"All was over. Then we were nabbed by men in army uniform. They caught us red-handed. They took us to the camp, drove us to town and jailed us. And that's all."

"How about the other parties?"

"All that I know is that by Saturday that week all of the defendants had been lodged in jail."

"How do you know?"

"I saw them; talked to them there."

"Was this," asked the district attorney, with a smile, "the same jail you broke out of once?"

Counsel for the defendants rose. "Utterly irrelevant," he said.

"Well," said the court, "he's only blackening his own witness. It may lead to something. I'll allow it."

"Yes," said Vardon, "the same jail—up on the hill."

"How did you get out?" queried the district attorney.

Vardon smiled reminiscently. "Two of the guards, they let us out," he said.

"Let you out?"

"Yes; I asked them to let us out, so they let us out," said the witness.

"Rot," cried the counsel for the defense.

"Strike it out," said the court; "I don't see where it leads."

The district attorney, who was a good actor, sat down wearily.

"Cross examine," he exclaimed. Then, before the counsel for the defense could rise, the district attorney rose again.

"Just one question more," he smiled; "I'm a bit muddled to-day."

"Vardon," he said to the witness, "is Louis Vardon your real name, sir?"

"It is not," said the witness; "it is an alias of mine."

"Where did you get that name?"

"I borrowed it," went on the witness, "from one of the Chicago leaders of the I. W. W. He was intercepted while traveling here to the coast with messages from Maybrick. He is still in Chicago, held incommunicado, while I came on here in his place. I borrowed his name and also his credentials."

"You were indicted for firing the McMurtry place; you confessed to that?"

"I did not confess to it," said the witness.

"You fired the place?"

"Nobody fired the place," blurted out the witness; "the watchman got dead drunk and overturned a lamp; the whole thing was an accident."

"How do you know?"

"I investigated it."

"Why did you confess to setting fire to the McMurtry place?"

"I didn't confess."

"Your confession was published, together with your picture?"

"Yes," smiled the witness, "I think you had some hand in that yourself."

The district attorney dropped the subject. "I am stupid," he said. "I failed to ask you your occupation and your name—your occupation, please?"

The witness squared his shoulders just a bit. "I am a captain in the National Army, assigned to special duty on the coast."

"What special duty?"

"To assist the Department of Justice in any way I can."

"In what way did you proceed?"

The witness waved his hand, a gesture that included the seventy-odd defendants that sat before him. "Oh," he said, "I just tried to hang something definite on a lot of indefinite suspects here in town, and incidentally to hang something on Messrs. Bruno, Krantz and Lust."

"I didn't get your name?" said the district attorney.

"My name," said the witness, "is John Lawrence Vickers."

"Vickers—and your trade before the war?"

"My father," said the witness, "is one of the largest lumber dealers on the coast."

Rose stared at Emily. "Vickers," she cried; "father knew Vickers very, very well. I've heard him speak of old man Vickers many times."

Emily did not answer. Anyway, people don't talk when they climb Seattle hills. As they toiled homeward they heard swift footsteps behind them. Larry Vickers caught them by the arm.

"Gorry," he gasped, dropping Emily's arm as suddenly as he had caught it, "it's the bad arm, isn't it?"

"All over," said Emily, "it's better than the other one by now."

"Gee," said Vickers, "it's good to know that you know the truth at last. And I couldn't tell you—I couldn't even hint—it was a trail I had to ride alone."

"Well," said Rose, "it's up to me to tell you shamelessly the disreputable opinion that I've held of you. It sort of culminated when you turned state's evidence."

"Natural that both of you should think——"

"Oh," laughed Rose, "Emily's only worried about your beard and how you got that scar at Heidelberg."

"Rose," shrieked her sister, horrified. There was no gainsaying it. Life had hardened Rose to niceties. "I never——" exclaimed Emily.

"You said," persisted her sister, "that he must have been to Heidelberg."

Captain Vickers felt reminiscently of the scar upon his nose.

"Once," he laughed, "I shod an army mule. It kicked me—that's about as near as I ever got to Heidelberg."

Emily held out her hand. "I—I don't know how to apologize, Captain Vickers," she exclaimed.

The captain looked at his watch. "Oh," he exclaimed, "you'll apologize, Miss Winters, but not here. Over at Camp Lewis. I'm to report there for duty in a week. When you go back I'll ride over there with you."

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# EACH TREE HAS VOICE OF ITS OWN

THE Leeds correspondent of the *Times* had an interesting conversation with John Grimshaw Wilkinson, the "blind botanist of Leeds," whose observations regarding sounds made by certain plants were recently referred to in the meeting of the Royal Institution. The correspondent writes:

"Mr. Wilkinson became blind when twenty-two years of age, and he was sixty-four a few days ago. Immediately on becoming blind he took up science, particularly botany, and pursued it until he became a well-known authority.

"Before his affliction he was a grocer, but had distinct artistic tastes and gifts. When he was blind he accompanied a friend into the country at Templenewsam, where three years before he had made a sketch, and he was able to describe in detail the whole scene. By simply touching a tree he could name it. From that time he did all in his power to develop this gift, and at the present time he is able to name 800 British flowering plants, foreign trees and foreign weeds, simply by the sense of touch.

"Mr. Wilkinson stated that his first observations in sound were with the variations caused by ground covered with growing crops. Later he was attracted by the manner in which trees of every description gathered water during the rain and cast it from them either inward toward the stem or outward.

"'If I feel a poppy leaf,' he said, 'on a hot July morning it feels cold, but if I feel a leaf of London pride at the same time it is quite warm, although the plants may be within a yard of each other. When I touch anything I notice whether it is warm or cold, and then ask myself, why.'

"During heavy showers he discovered that trees made different noises and he could tell them by the sound from the falling rain. The most silent tree, he believed, was the Pinus sylvestris. These trees only made an occasional hiss even in severe thunderstorms. The oak was the noisiest of trees in a storm, because it reflected the echoes by it leaves and also by its stem, and raindrops had a more drumlike effect upon it than upon any other tree. It was in a wood composed of oak trees that one could hear birds at their best.

"Among pine trees, owing to the softness of the wood, birds were not heard to the same advantage, the wood absorbing the sound, whereas the oak gave it fuller play because of its hardness.

"Turning again to the question of touch, Mr. Wilkinson said that it was a delight to shake hands with some people. 'I know one of the finest surgeons in the city whose handshake is nervous, but who can handle the lancet with great skill,' he said. 'Some people judge too much by appearances. If I could go into Armley jail and shake hands with the prisoners I could at once tell which were habitual criminals and which were not. People who are not quite what they should be are never well balanced in action. They have some small trait in their hands or feet which gives them away'."

# THE FINGER OF FATE

By MARIE CHURCHILL

## PART ONE

JOE NAYLOR had been engaged in some immaterial business in a rather exclusive neighborhood not very remote from the city line of a certain portion of Brooklyn.

It was something like midnight when he stationed himself upon a crossing with the intention of boarding a late ferry-bound trolley car, the lights of which were just becoming visible in the far distance up the street.

Directly opposite the detective was a big, gloomy mansion set in a big, gloomy inclosure—the property and residence of an eccentric spinster, by name Paulette Muderdunk.

As he stood there absently regarding the dark and silent house looming grimly against the starry November sky, he was startled by a sudden piteous shriek sounding from somewhere in the grounds.

The next instant a flying figure flashed into sight, thrust open an iron gate in the shadow of two Norway pines, and so emerged into the light of a three-quarter moon just rising above the eastern horizon. The figure was that of a lovely young girl with a fleece of bronze hair tumbling in shining disorder over her shoulders, and far below her slim waist.

"My God! oh, my God!" cried she, wringing her hands and gazing wildly up and down the street.

Again the iron gate was thrust open—now by a young man who seemed no less horrified and dazed than herself. He was hatless, and his remarkably handsome face was as colorless as chiseled marble.

"Isn't there a policeman anywhere to be seen?" he exclaimed, as he too gazed excitedly up and down the deserted street.

Naylor chanced to have with him a whistle, which he put to his lips, and produced a note which he knew would promptly fetch the patrolman of that beat.

"Are you an officer?" inquired the young man, advancing toward the Central Office man.

"I am not the kind of officer you require, perhaps," said Joe. "But what is the trouble?"

"There has been murder done," he answered, with a shudder. "Miss Muderdunk is lying dead over there in the shrubbery."

"Oh, my poor aunty! my poor aunty!" the young girl wailed like one distracted.

A policeman appeared and all hurried into the grounds. The young man led them to a clump of leafless shrubs at a rear angle of the mansion.

As he reached the spot he abruptly stopped, and then with an indescribable look of awe and consternation turned his marble face toward them.

"The body is not here," he faltered.

"What are you giving us, anyhow?" the policeman grumbled.

"I tell you my Aunt Muderdunk has been murdered," the young man said in a solemn whisper. "We both—Dolly and I—heard her cry for help. We both hurried into the garden, and we both saw her lying here dead. Do you not see for yourself that blood has been shed?" he continued, as he indicated what were certainly stains of crimson upon the frosty grass.

"It may be blood and it may not be," the officer commented skeptically.

Meanwhile Joe had been, with professional interest, rapidly eyeing the patch of turf and the surroundings, and presently espied a small, whitish object in a tuft of withered flower stalks.

He stooped and picked up a human finger, severed at the third joint, and evidently by a blade as keen as that of a razor.

Unheeded by the others, he dropped it in a pocket of his coat.

"I tell you there has been murder done; some one has taken away the body," the young man persisted with excited earnestness.

At this juncture a window above us was lowered with a crash and a jerk; there was a noise of some one moving briskly to and fro, and a broad band of lamp-light suddenly stretched from the casements across the grounds. Involuntarily all moved back and gazed upward. And through the glass panes, from which the hangings had been drawn away, all distinctly beheld the large form and the gaunt features of Paulettte Muderdunk.

There was no mistaking the familiar brown wig, the stiff folds of the quaint black silk gown, the voluminous silken gray kerchief which the spinster habitually wore.

"The old girl looks pretty fairly alive. I guess all the murdered corpses you saw was moonshine and your own shadow," the policeman grinned as he executed a flourish of his night club and sauntered back to his beat.

"What we saw here was not moonshine," the young man said, firmly. "Dolly! Dolly, my dearest!" he added, in an anxious murmur, as he sprang toward the young girl, who with a terrified moan had tottered fainting toward him.

With more sympathy than Joe was inclined to express, he helped him lead Dolly into the house.

"Do not go. You are a detective, I think, and there is more in this than might be supposed," he said to me, when the girl had become conscious and comparatively calm.

"How can I assist you?" inquired the officer.

"That remains to be determined," he replied, thoughtfully.

"Is Miss Muderdunk subject to epilepsy?" Naylor asked, tentatively. "She may have been in a fit—that is if you really saw her lying in the grounds. She has not retired, and you might solve the mystery by asking her."

"We would neither one of us dare," Dolly sobbed from her sofa in the gloomy old parlor. "Aunty is angry with us both. She has forbidden Dick to come here at all, and she has forbidden me to come near her or speak to her."

It struck Joe that, for a young man forbidden the house, Dick did not manifest much apprehension of being detected in his disobedience.

He seemed to read the detective's thoughts as he glanced toward him.

"Aunt Muderdunk had rather eccentric caprices. She would remain secluded in her room for days together, or-

dering her meals to be put outside her door, and seeing nobody but Dr. Paxter," he said.

Why did he speak of her in the past tense? Joe wondered. Why was he so loth to believe her living, even while the sound of that brisk tread was so audible on the floor of the chamber over them?

"Who is Dr. Paxter?" asked the detective.

"He was her physician and confidential friend," Dick replied. "He lives in the frame cottage back, opening on the next parallel street. There is a passage connecting the two houses in the rear, and he came and went as he liked."

"And it is all his doing that aunty was angry with Dick and me," said Dolly, who was still weeping. "Dick is aunty's own nephew, and was to have been her heir. But after Dr. Paxter came here she made a will giving everything to me, and I am only her niece by adoption—I am really no relation at all."

She was a child-like little thing—this dove-eyed Dolly! Naylor had understood at once that she and the handsome Dick were lovers; and he should have felt a sympathetic desire to get at the bottom of the mystery for their sakes, even if he had not possessed himself of the ghastily relic in his coat pocket.

"And after making you her heiress, she quarreled with you?" remarked the officer.

"She had set her heart on my marrying Dr. Paxter, and I couldn't do that," Dolly stammered simply, with a pretty blush.

"Are there no servants in the house?" Joe queried, as they were ending this extraordinary conversation.

"She kept but one," Dick replied. "The last was a manservant whom she had recently employed, and whom she discharged yesterday."

"Well," said Joe, moving toward the door, "if you can show me the way, I will try to be of service to you. If anything of importance occurs you can notify me."

And so he left the house.

Joe had learned all there was to learn, that night at least, and felt no less interested than puzzled.

Whether or no Dr. Linus Paxter was in any way associated with the enigma of the night he could not conjecture. But he knew he was not a man of strictest integrity, and knew too he was not in very good repute with his profession.

But even if he had any complicity in the matter, had there really been any crime committed?

And if there had been a crime, whose was the dead body?

As Naylor went homeward through the frosty November night he made a mental review of all he had learned concerning his acquaintance and confidential friendship with the aged spinster.

He had been a guest of the grand, gloomy mansion before Miss Paulette Muderdunk became his patron.

In an unctuous, plausible fashion he had been affable toward Dick and gallant toward Dolly.

In the beginning Dick had neither disliked nor distrusted him, and simple Dolly had been quite impressed by his suavity and superior demeanor.

It was the avowal of his attachment for the pretty girl which had marred an intercourse heretofore harmonious.

They had all been dining together. Miss Muderdunk had retired to her own room, and Dick had lingered at the table to impart some necessary instructions to the manservant.

Dr. Paxter had drawn Dolly to a seat beside himself on a sofa a little distance apart, and had seized the opportunity to declare his regard for her.

"But I do not love you—in that way—in the way you mean," Dolly had faltered in her surprise and embarrassment.

"Then my life is blighted!" groaned Dr. Paxter, bowing his head dejectedly and assuming an attitude of despairing misery, very impressive, and altogether Byronic. "You are everything to me—without you there is nothing but desolation, desperation, madness. You have made me a lost man, Dolly."

"Oh, do not say that," pleaded Dolly, frightened, pitiful, and gently pushing him back with both her tender girl-hands.

At this crisis Dick had chanced to turn from the table, and so looked toward them.

"It was not love and despair upon Dr. Paxter's countenance; it was craft and hypocrisy," Dick said to Naylor.

And from that moment everything had changed.

There were no more little dinners together. Dr. Paxter came again seldom except professionally, and then always by the passage between the gloomy mansion and the scarcely less gloomy cottage.

Miss Muderdunk became more and more alienated from the nephew who was to have been her heir, and unwontedly capricious and exacting toward her adopted niece.

She became, too, more and more eccentric in her habits as the weeks and months elapsed, often confining herself to the chamber and denying admittance to everybody except her confidential medical adviser.

"Dr. Linus Paxter has been diligently laboring for his own advantage, without a doubt, but that scarcely explains the mystery surrounding this fragment of anatomy," Joe thought, as he examined his grisly memento of the night's adventure.

It was the index finger of the right hand; the skin was callous and coarse of texture; the nail grimed and horny; and that it had been freshly severed from a living hand was unmistakable.

"It is not one of Dr. Paxter's fastidiously-manicured digits, that's certain enough. But it is the finger of fate for somebody," Joe muttered, as he prepared himself at length for slumber.

For some hours he slept the sleep of physical fatigue.

But the brain was busy still conjuring fantastic visions in which the eccentric maiden lady and her confidental physician, the corpse in the shrubbery and a severed human finger—all figured.

And when he awoke the first object toward which his eyes were attracted was the jar of alcohol wherein he had deposited his ghastily relic.

But there it was—proof indubitable that the extraordinary incidents of the previous night had been something more than the vagaries of a perturbed dream.

How Naylor was to proceed in the solving of the mystery was yet problematic.

If he had been guided by reason alone he might have concluded there was no mystery at all, for in his experience he had learned that these hazy and seemingly unaccountable affairs are often based on the most trifling and innocent events.

But the true detective does not work by reason alone; instinct and intuition are his guides, and they rarely lead him astray.

That there had been a struggle of some sort in the Muderdunk grounds Joe was convinced; possibly there had been a murder.

But if a victim of foul play had really been lying there beneath the leafless shrubbery, by whom, and to what place could the body have been spirited in such an incredibly brief space of time?

The detective had only a finger for a clue; and as a zoologist with a single jawbone can define the structure of a monster before unknown, just so from that single digit must he construct the elements of his case.

He had business again that day in the vicinity of the Muderdunk mansion, and some time in the afternoon presented himself at the door of Dr. Paxter's residence.

The cottage was a small wooden building with a peaked roof topping its two meager stories, and with an incongruously flat and broad addition extending in the rear almost to the boarded garden wall.

The doctor himself opened the door at Joe's ring, and admitted him through an ordinarily furnished hall into his consultation parlor.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked, as he pushed a chair toward the detective and then seated himself opposite.

The doctor had presumed Joe to be a prospective patient, obviously.

He was a youngish man of perhaps something less than five-and-thirty, of medium height and compact frame; he had reddish hair and beard crinkling in closely cut waves about a rather intelligent head, angular jaws, and a weak chin.

As a physiognomist, Naylor should have judged him to be a man of erratic impulses, of policy rather than principle, one capable of being an excellent schemer, but one who would draw the line at downright brutal villainy.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked again, in soft tones, and with a bland smile which disclosed dazzlingly white teeth beneath his thick reddish mustache.

"I am not here as a patient exactly, doctor," Joe announced, with all the polite assurance he could muster.

"Well?" he repeated, with a change of countenance.

"The fact is," began Naylor with his eyes full upon him, "I have business of some consequence with Miss Paulette Muderdunk, and cannot gain access to her. I am aware you, as her physician, have some influence with her, and I am here to beg your influence in my behalf."

While Joe was speaking his somewhat ruddy features had gradually paled to the hue of ashes.

His hands, which had been carelessly resting on the arms of his chair, tightened upon the cushioned plush with a grip almost convulsive, and his eyes fixed themselves in an awful stare in their suddenly blood-shot sockets.

"The finger of guilt has pointed to the man of guilt," was Joe's quick mental conclusion.

## PART TWO

WITH an effort Dr. Linus Paxter arose, walked almost staggeringly to a cabinet, and brought forth a decanter of brandy.

"I have just been through something of an ordeal with a trying patient," he remarked, as with a shaking hold he poured out a glass of the potent liquor, "and, unfortunately perhaps, we physicians have nerves as well as other people. Will you have a nip with me? No? Ah, you were saying something about Miss Muderdunk, weren't you?"

Without seeming to note anything unusual, Naylor iterated his request.

"Well, I will do what I can if your business is really imperative," said he. "But if it is anything of an agitating nature, I must insist upon your deferring it. Miss Muderdunk is ill—alarmingly so!—indeed, I doubt her recovery."

He had regained his bland composure; his tones were exceedingly affable and apparently frank.

But Joe knew that Dr. Paxter was not only lying, but that he was quaking with fear also.

"I must insist upon having orders from the lady," Joe returned. "There is to be an investigation of what occurred in the grounds last night, and I think Miss Muderdunk, as well as her niece and nephew, will like to avoid any needless publicity."

"Who is to investigate?—the dead body was removed before"—he began unguardedly, and then checked himself in a trepidation which was almost ludicrous.

"Ah! then you have some knowledge of the matter?" interpolated the detective, coolly.

"I know that Miss Dolly is subject to hallucinations," he responded, with an air again affably non-committal. "However, I will mention the matter to Miss Muderdunk, and if you will call later I will inform you of the result," he added, as he again arose, and with a movement intended to terminate the interview. Naylor felt that there was nothing more to be gained just then by prolonging the discussion, and so he allowed himself to be summarily dismissed.

That Dr. Paxter was concealing something was undeniable; but Joe had altered his momentary suspicion of his guilt. His theory now was that Miss Muderdunk had been attacked by some midnight prowler while loitering in the grounds, had been badly hurt, and that she preferred to have as little excitement about the affair as possible.

"She probably came to her senses and crept into the house while her nephew and Dolly were hurrying off for assistance. Dr. Paxter naturally would be reticent; and very likely his agitation was due to other causes," Joe pondered as he walked away.

He had traversed a block or two when he noticed just ahead a person who seemed oddly familiar, and who seemed somehow associated with his detective reminiscences.

Involuntarily he quickened his pace; and as he neared him recognized a notorious house-thief, whom he had supposed incarcerated in a prison in the northern part of the State.

He was a short, chunky fellow, with the muscles of an ox, a burly head and beardless features, expressing a mild stupidity which had misled many a trusting housewife in his career of theft.

His method had been to secure a situation as man-servant, to gain the implicit confidence of his employers, and then to decamp with all the portable valuables the house contained.

He was known among his crooked pals as "Shank" Murray, but his illustrious shanks had not always carried him beyond the reach of justice; he had at length been overtaken and consigned to the prison from which he must have somehow escaped.

As Joe neared him he noticed that he seemed dazed, as if with drink, and noticed, too, that his right hand was bandaged clumsily, as if he had performed the job himself.

"Hello, Shank," said Naylor, stepping up beside him. "You look all broke up. What's the trouble with your hand?"

Whether the fellow believed that Joe's errand was to capture him and that resistance would be worse than useless, or whether he was really cowed by the sense of heinous guilt, Joe could not determine.

But he halted at once and held out both hands.

"Give us the bracelets," he said, dejectedly, in his own peculiar lingo. "I'm ready to be nabbed. I guessed washday wasn't far off ever since I jammed the quail."

By which he meant that he expected arrest and conviction for the murder of a woman

In an instant Joe grasped the truth. Shank Murray was the man-servant whom Miss Muderdunk had discharged. He was the midnight prowler who had attacked her in the grounds the night before, and his fuddled aspect explained clearly enough why he had lingered so imprudently near the scene of tragedy.

"I'll keep the handcuffs in reserve, Shank, if you will come along without any fuss; and perhaps Miss Muderdunk will let you off easy," said Naylor.

The fellow stopped short, his dazed eyes glaring into the detective's, his lips livid, his very teeth chattering.

"I don't want any bam," he muttered in the slang of his fraternity. "She was dead—dead as a door nail! I was drunk, but I wasn't so drunk I didn't know that."

Certainly if Paulette Muderdunk was dead there had been an astonishingly brisk ghost perambulating her chamber.

"She discharged you before you had a chance to get away with the spoons and jewels?" Joe remarked, quizzingly. "You went back for what you had left behind. She discovered you, and you had a tussle, I suppose?"

"The tussle wasn't my doing," muttered the crook, who was sobering rapidly. "I've been a bad guy, maybe, but I would'nt have hurt a woman. It was the drink and the start of her bouncing me down the stairs; and the knife I had been cutting at a lock sliced away my finger, and the pain crazed me out of my wits. When she screamed for some one to stop me I just turned to keep her still. I wasn't responsible for what happened then. The blow wasn't as easy as I meant, and she just dropped like a stone, never knowing what hit her."

His confession by no means lessened Joe's perplexity. If he had left Paulette Muderdunk lying stunned, and if she had revived sufficiently to make her way back into the house and her room, her succeeding behavior seemed inexplicable to the detective.

There are limits even to the eccentricities of a preposterously eccentric maiden lady; and to permit a violence of that sort to remain unmentioned and ignored seemed altogether unwarrantable and idiotic.

Joe took Shank Murray to the nearest police station, and there left him as an escaped convict.

In regard to his later offense Naylor divulged only enough to insure the greater vigilance of his custodians. He thought best to consult Dick before any charge should be made against him.

As he went home a few hours later, he met Dick standing on the pavement.

"There is something wrong; I don't know what to do; I want advice," he said.

"Has Miss Muderdunk left her seclusion?" questioned the detective.

Dick sorrowfully shook his handsome head.

"Dr. Paxter announces she is dying," he said; "but I will swear neither she nor any living, breathing mortal has occupied her room to-day."

"I wish, my dear boy, you would speak clearly, that I might see a way to help you," Joe answered. "What is it you suspect?"

"I cannot speak clearly the suspicion I have. It is not yet clear in my own mind," he replied. "But I should like you to be with me at our house to-night. Dolly is to be admitted into Aunt Paulette's presence on condition she will promise to become the wife of Dr. Paxter!—they know a promise once extorted—no matter how—from Dolly will be sacredly fulfilled by her. There may be need of some one witnessing what passes between them."

Even if Dick had not very lucidly unfolded his plan, Joe knew he could trust his sagacity and discretion.

He assented readily; and some time later they entered the Muderdunk mansion together.

The great house seemed as silent and empty as a tomb. Even Dolly was invisible.

"The poor child is prostrated with grief," Dick said, in a low voice, as they ascended the stairs to the chamber which had always been the favorite retreat of his whimsical relative.

At the door Dick listened breathlessly for an instant; then he mounted a step-ladder and peered through the tiny crescent of a transom.

"The room is empty," Dick said, with a strange look. "There is but one other door, and that leads into the passage to the cottage; and this door is locked on the inside. Does a dying woman come and go in such a fashion?"

"It is a conundrum," admitted Naylor.

"I should think so," Dick said, as he produced a pair of slender nippers, and, with a dexterity which even Shank Murray might have envied, turned the key in the lock.

The next second they were within the chamber—a quaint, square, bare room, in its meager appointment more like the cell of a prison than the retreat of a maiden lady of fortune!

The lofty walls were painted in the style of a by-gone century; the cornice gilding was tarnished with age; the high chimney mantel was draped with a valance of faded crimson velvet; there was a straight mahogany chair and a bare wooden stool, upon which were a bowl of gruel and a bottle of some medical preparation.

All the comfort of the room was concentrated in an immense cushioned chair placed before the fire which was smoldering in the ancient chimney-place. Beneath it, upon the polished oaken floor, was a rug of costliest Eastern manufacture, and upon the rug was a cozy silken ottoman.

In one corner of the room was a shallow niche, or recess, furnished like the mantel with hangings of crimson velvet. And in this niche they ensconced themselves and waited.

Presently there was a sound at the door opening upon the steps which descended into the grounds; a moment later a large figure in black silk, with the familiar gray kerchief shrouding the gaunt features, entered the room.

The day had been dark and lowering, and only a dim, uncertain light glimmered against the casements of the antique window. But in this light the form looked ghostly.

At the very moment there was a timid little tap upon the door.

"Dear aunty, it is I—Dolly," pleaded a sweet, distracted voice.

The ghastly form moved across the room; she turned the key sharply in the lock, with a slow tread moved back from the door and then assumed the familiarly grim attitude in the throne-like seat before the fire.

Dolly, half-blind with tears, rushed forward and flung herself on her knees beside the immense chair.

"Dear aunty, only be yourself again and I will do anything you wish," the agitated girl sobbed as she bowed her head upon the unresponsive hand she had clasped in both her own.

At that instant a burst of sunset light broke through the dusky clouds of the lowering day. The pale, clear beams streamed through the uncurtained upper portion of the antique casement, and flooded the immense chair and its occupant in its unexpected glow.

In the shelter of the hangings Dick and Joe executed a mutual nudge. In that burst of light the tableau told its own story, and the mystery was revealed.

In a twinkle Joe had thrust aside the drapery and

pounced upon the theatric figure posing in the throne-like chair.

"It was a pity to sacrifice such a nice beard as yours, Dr. Linus Paxter," said Naylor, ruthlessly twitching away kerchief and brown wig. "You have gotten yourself up beautifully, though, and in a propitious twilight might pass tolerably well for the genuine. Now what does this mean?—and what have you done with the body of the murdered Miss Muderdunk?"

"I am not guilty of her death," he hastened to aver in a sort of sullen terror.

"Her murderer is in custody, and has confessed everything," said Joe, "so you might as well make a clean breast of your share in the transaction."

And he did, too. But there was no motive for his withholding anything, as he was entirely guiltless of her death.

He had discovered the body: and his scheming brain had instantly devised a method by which he might induce Dolly to become his wife, and so possess himself of the fortune he had always coveted.

To convey the body to his own house had not been difficult, and the task of embalming it would be still less so.

The eccentric habits of Miss Muderdunk and her intervals of seclusion would render it easy for him to personate her until he could secure Dolly's promise.

Then he could announce her decease, and by a little finesse and the aid of a few lavishly renumerated attendants he could produce the embalmed body, and so securely accomplish the remainder of the scheme.

It was an extraordinary scheme—a bold one—and a shrewd one.

And he might have succeeded completely, too, had not the ghastly relic Joe picked up on the scene of tragedy—the finger of fate—pointed to the crime, which otherwise might never have been revealed.

His offense was of so novel a character that he evaded any severe punishment, and a year or so afterward he removed to a western city.

"Shank" Murray was sent back to the prison from which he escaped, and is there still.

Dick and Dolly have been married for some time, and are living happily in the old family mansion—which is gloomy no longer, but gay instead, with blithe child voices and sweet child faces.

## CREDIT GHOST WITH WRECK

ANYONE who knows the villages of the west of England will be aware that they are a fertile soil for all manner of superstitious beliefs. And the process of creating new legends has evidently not yet come to an end, if we may accept a statement made at a recent women's institute meeting at Exeter, at which various speakers recounted the traditions of their respective localities. A few years ago the battleship *Montague* was wrecked on Lundy Island as she was entering the Bristol channel in a fog. The people of the neighborhood, we are told, have no doubt that she was lured to her doom by the spirit of Sir Frances Drake. She happened to be flying the Spanish flag in honor of the marriage of King Alphonso and Princess Ena. This the proud ghost of Devon's great seaman could not brook, and he made her pay the penalty by running her upon the rocks.

## ISLAND KINGDOMS

SCATTERED about the shores of the British Isles are a number of islands, large and small, whose proprietors are monarchs of all they survey. In many respects they possess greater power over their "subjects" than is possessed by King George himself. Although owing to allegiance to the British Crown, yet parliament has no power to tax some of these island estates, nor can anyone land on their shores without the permission of the owner.

Some of these islands are but a few acres in extent, while one of them is the largest island around the British coast, next after Ireland, and boasts of quite a large population.

The special privileges mentioned have been granted in times past by some sovereign to a favorite to whom he wished to give a mark of special favor. Like titles of nobility, these special privileges were made in perpetuity and still cling to the territories.

Those of us who have read "Westward Ho!" will remember Lundy Island, which lies in the British Channel. Now Lundy is one of the best known of the tiny island monarchies. It is a delightful little jewel that was once the haunt of pirates and smugglers. It was at one time captured by French pirates and at another time fell into the hands of Turkish privateers. No one can dwell or even visit this bit of the earth's surface without the consent of the owner. It is exempt from taxation.

Lundy is probably not a paradise, but it is actually the property of the Heaven family, and a clergyman by that name is the present owner. He rules over a kingdom of 1,200 acres and fewer than a hundred souls.

Down near Land's End a rock rises, out of the bay which is known as St. Michael Mount. It is an island and it is not, for at low tide a rough stone causeway connects it with the mainland. It is little more than a mile in circumference and is probably the tiniest of the island kingdoms. Perched upon the summit of the rock, which is about 200 feet high, is a famous old castle in which the "king," Lord St. Levan, resides. Clustered at the base, facing the land, is a tiny village composed of a score of houses where dwell the "subjects."

Just south of the Isle of Man is a little island called the "Calf of Man." The original owner received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of this island, which was declared to be forever free from taxation. No one can live there or even on its shores, without the consent of the owner. It is in every sense of the word private. The late owner was so engrossed in his books and lived so retired a life that years would sometimes elapse between his visits to the neighboring Isle of Man. Only a small part of the land is cultivated, and the whole is overrun with rabbits and rats, both of which are tailless. This little island kingdom was sold not long ago for $100,000.

On the eastern coast of England is a tiny island called Osea. It is about a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It is a delightful little retreat, covered with meadow land and charming old elm trees—an ideal place for bathing and sea-fishing. This island has a history that dates from the time of Edward the Confessor, from which time it has always had a "king" and a small population. The present "king" is the son of a brewer who refused to continue in that business. In doing this he sacrificed more than a million dollars, so it is said, and has converted the island into a retreat for drunkards.

# THE UMBREE DIAMONDS

By JACK HARTLEY

"I SUPPOSE you think there is some love affair at the bottom of it."

"Some love affair is at the bottom of pretty nearly all the perplexities and deviltries one comes across."

This conversation took place between a detective and Martin Umbree—a half-Americanized Scotchman, who had acquired more money than wisdom in the thirty years he had been a denizen of the metropolis. The girl to whom allusion was made was a remote relation who had been from childhood an inmate of his household.

"Well, whether it is a love affair or not, I won't have any underhand business in my family. And I want one of your men to keep an eye on her—where she goes, who she talks to, and all that," he said to the officer.

"But I don't catch your policy," said Keen. "Do you suspect the girl of something serious?"

"I suspect nothing which I can't nip in the bud," he answered evasively.

Umbree was a sort of suspicious and irascible tyrant in his household, and that there was nothing in the matter worth the trouble of shadowing the officer was sure.

"If you think she is in the habit of meeting clandestinely a lover who is objectionable to you, why not say so?" remarked Keen.

"I can hardly think that," he returned, thoughtfully. "A year or so ago Emily seemed rather too much attached to a young fellow whom I certainly considered objectionable, but, I promptly put a stop to the affair, and he went back to the old country."

"But he may have returned," suggested the detective.

Mr. Umbree shook his head and laughed dryly.

"He is not likely to do that," said he. "He was detected in the act of house-breaking, and sent to prison. He is known across the big pond as Coxcomb Carl."

"Coxcomb Carl!" repeated Keen in surprise.

An illustrious member of the crooked fraternity distinguished by that appellation was down for a recent jewel robbery, and Keen had reason to believe he was at the moment somewhere in the city.

"I know the name," said he, "and I do not wonder you objected to him, nor do I wonder he impressed your young relative. The fellow has an excellent education, he is remarkably handsome, and he can assume all the refined fascinations of a society swell."

"Well, I didn't know anything about what he could assume or what he couldn't," Mr. Umbree said, "but I distinctly prohibited his coming near Emily. She will have the bulk of my property when I am gone, and I shall not allow her to marry one as poor as Colin Knight admitted himself to be—even if he were not the scamp I have since learned he is."

"Colin Knight?—is that another of his aliases, do you think?" queried the sleuth.

"I don't think anything about it; the subject hasn't the slightest interest for me," the irascible gentleman said, testily. "What concerns me now is where Emily spends her time while she is away from the house."

"Very well, Mr. Umbree," said Keen, politely. "I will investigate the matter."

Early that evening Bill Keen took the post of sentinel in the shadow of a couple of maples opposite the Umbree residence, and almost immediately the young lady herself tripped serenely down the high front steps. She was one of the most beautiful creatures he ever beheld. She had an almost childishly innocent face, large, dreamy, violet eyes, hair the color of a freshly ripened chestnut, and full pouting red lips, which seemed made only for laughter and kisses. She wore a rich seal cloak which reached almost to her daintily-booted little feet, and a bit of white tulle veiled the exquisite face beneath the elegant little seal turban.

As she walked leisurely down the avenue, Keen quite as leisurely followed her; and the walk was destined to be a prolonged one.

Once she paused before a church where the organ was intoning the evening services; she seemed debating with herself whether she should enter; and then with a sudden abrupt movement passed on and went rapidly around the corner of an intersecting street.

And at the moment the detective became aware that he was not the only person who was pursuing her.

Just then a tall, slender man, elegantly dressed, hurried along on the other side of the street, traversed the crossing beyond her, and so the next instant met her face to face. She stopped with a little gesture which expressed more vexation than pleasure; but the man instantly turned as if with the intention of walking on beside her. Something in the contour of his aristocratically cut features struck Keen as being not totally unfamiliar, and so in the light of a street lamp he consulted a picture which he had been carrying for the last month in an inner pocket of his coat.

"If he isn't Coxcomb Carl then the picture is wonderfully like him," Keen thought as he quickened his steps to overtake the pair.

Anyhow he proposed to venture a random test.

"Why, Carl, my dear fellow, how are you? This is an agreeable surprise! When did you leave Glasgow?" said the officer, abruptly halting beside him.

As he was with a lady such a procedure on Keen's part was nothing less than an impertinence. And if he had been content to ignore the detective in utter silence or with a haughty stare, Keen might have believed himself mistaken.

But he was not.

"My good sir, you are tremendously mistaken," he said slowly, his eyes darting furtive glances to every point of the compass, and with one hand moving toward his hip pocket. "I am Watson Waverley, as this young lady with me can assure you."

Of course at the instant Keen had no certainty of his being other than he claimed to be; and did not care to risk the possible blunder of an unjustifiable arrest. He felt he must wait.

"I beg pardon," he said, with an effort to look disappointed and rebuked as he stepped quickly back and permitted the couple to precede him.

But scarcely more than a rod away, he heard him murmur an apology to the girl, and saw her, too, repel the hand he held toward her, and then he started, with what

Keen deemed singular haste, toward the crowds of Broadway.

Leaving the girl to continue her route wherever it might lead, the officer hastened after him.

Whether he guessed he was being tracked he could not determine, but he certainly led Keen upon what proved a baffling and perilous chase.

Once he hailed an up-town car, but as Bill swung himself aboard by the rail of the rear platform he stepped off the front and plunged into a cross street.

After an hour, during which Keen had waited for him to wine himself several times at as many gorgeous bars, and had patiently watched him smoking a cigar at the entrance of a palatial hotel, he turned at last into a quiet street and ascended the steps of a house.

Upon the stoop he stopped for Keen to come up to him.

"For some reason best known to yourself, my good fellow, you have chosen to follow me home," he said, in low tones. "I have rather enjoyed the thing. I'd like to know what the deuce you mean."

If he were really Watson Waverley, and a familiar acquaintance of the Umbrees, as his demeanor toward Miss Emily would seem to declare, Keen could do no less than accord him some sort of explanation.

He had opened the door with a latch-key and had lighted a jet of the gasalier in the hall, where he seemed awaiting what Keen had to say for himself.

"I suppose it is something about Miss Emily," he continued, as he moved toward the door of the back parlor. "Poor old Umbree is beside himself with his anxiety about her."

His air of easy unconcern had begun to disarm Bill's suspicions; and thrown totally off his guard, he entered the hall and unconsciously advanced with him to the back parlor door.

"Well, as you seem to understand the case perhaps you can afford me some added information," began the detective.

"Exactly so," he interposed with ready assent. "I have no doubt I can afford you something which may astonish you rather."

And he did astonish Bill—as he should not precisely care to be astonished again, however.

As he spoke he opened the door, and then with the spring of a tiger he hurled himself upon Bill and forced him headlong into the room.

Keen clutched for something to save himself from a downright fall, but grasped only empty air, and there was only empty air for his footing.

The floor of the room had been removed, and he was tumbling down and yet downward into the depths of the cellar.

And as he fell, the outer door closed with a bang, and he knew his wily assailant had fled.

For a moment he lay where he had fallen, in darkness as black as the regions to which he would willingly have consigned the individual who had so ridiculously trapped him.

Then he cautiously adjusted himself in a sitting posture, ascertained that the extent of his injuries was confined to an ugly scratch on one cheek, and then he struck a match and viewed his surroundings.

The rear of the house had evidently been undergoing extensive repairs, the basement floors and partitions being torn away and the cellars beneath being freshly excavated and newly walled. All about were heaps of broken bricks and fragments of timbers, and directly beneath the door was a deep trough of thin mortar.

With the aid of matches and a splinter of resinous pine board Bill manufactured a torch, and so lighted himself into the rear yard of the house and up a flight of shaky back steps to a door, upon which he rapped loudly.

Almost immediately there was a sound of footsteps, a bolt was drawn back, the knob turned, and he was confronted by a pleasant-featured, comfortably-proportioned elderly lady whom he was not wrong in presuming to be the mistress of the house.

Bill explained his predicament without waste of words, and she did him the honor of crediting his statement without any invidious insinuations.

"I am glad you did not take me for a burglar caught in my own trap, madam," remarked Keen.

"Oh, no," she returned, amiably. "We heard some one come in with the latch-key and unlock the back parlor door. We couldn't think who it could be."

"Have you a tall, stylish person here—a man with thin, aristocratically-cut features and the air of a great swell?"

"Such a gentleman had a room here for a few days a week or so ago," she answered. "I remember now he did not return his latch-key when he went away."

The affair was clear to Bill now. This man who claimed to be Watson Waverley had, of course, been the lodger who had retained the latch-key. In his wrath at being shadowed he had bethought himself of the trap whereby he could accomplish a trick for his own amusement, or, perhaps, rid himself of surveillance altogether.

However it might be, Keen was satisfied with the adventures of the day—or, rather, felt he had adventures enough—and so went home to sleep upon the matter.

He had barely finished breakfast the next morning when a messenger arrived from the Umbree residence.

Keen was wanted there at once. Martin Umbree had just discovered that he had been robbed of thirty thousand dollars, partly in gold coin, partly in articles of rare virtu worth more than their weight in gold, and the balance in diamonds and other precious stones.

"Oh, but the boss, he be that frantic he could murther us all," said the messenger—a man-servant with a homely Scotch face and the brawn of a backwoodsman within his buff and black livery.

"Does he think he was robbed by some one in the house?" queried the detective.

"I ken 'twas our pensie Watson Waverley put the thought in his auld head," was the answer. "'Twas to Waverley he went first before letting out a word of the ill tale to any of us; and when he came back it was like one distraught the master was."

"The loss of thirty thousand dollars worth of property would disturb you, too, Alec," said Keen.

"Aye, to be sure it would," Alec admitted as gravely as if he possessed a million. "But the master, he was that distraught he dinna ken he was a wearing his coat into the cannie neat room, where nobody but the bonnie young meestress ever bides, and he always a proper man for ceremony too."

"And was the young mistress there?" Bill said lightly.

"Nay," said Alec; "the master sent her maid to call the young leddy. "And she come down looking like the sweet saint she is in her pretty black dress, with nothing white about her but her bonnie scared face and the wee bit of glossy linen at her tender little neck and fairy hands; and while she bided betide the door, the boss he had his say, and sorry saying 'twas at that."

"What did he say to her?" queried Bill.

"Aye, enough and mucklemore," answered the man. "Me and me leddy's maid could na believe our senses when the master he accused our sweet meestress Emily of being a thief."

The man was inclined to be garrulous, and Keen let him talk.

And from his quaint gossip he gleaned a good deal, which puzzled instead of enlightening.

It would seem that Watson Waverley was a "power behind the throne" in the Umbree household.

But if Waverley was really Coxcomb Carl, and the lover of Miss Emily, the detective was at a loss to understand why he would use his influence to incite Mr. Umbree's displeasure against her.

But that the girl had really been guilty of the theft the officer was not yet prepared to believe.

It was nearly noon when Bill reached the Umbree house, and the garrulous Scotchman conducted him to the room where Mr. Umbree was awaiting.

"This is a pretty job," was his preliminary salute, made as grimly as if Bill were the perpetrator of the job himself.

"It is rather a costly one to you, at all events," the officer responded. "You sent for me, I infer, that I might make an examination of the rooms from which the property was taken."

"Well, I have seen Waverley since I sent for you, and he thinks we had best drop the matter," Mr. Umbree said, gloomily. "We are both convinced that Emily has the property or knows where it is. But Waverley is fond of her, and he is willing to marry her in spite of her unaccountable conduct; but he don't want anything of this kind to be made public. He has high connections who might not be so ready to condone her behavior."

"Very well," said Bill, feeling considerably irritated, "if you are willing to let thirty thousand dollars and the thief go together, it is nothing to me."

"Emily mustn't be compromised—that's all," he said testily. "The thing must be hushed up on account of Waverley's family. And she can't refuse to marry him now—she knows that it is only on the condition of her marrying him that I am willing to save her from exposure and disgrace."

"I understand," the detective commented, dryly. "This robbery charge has been trumped up to goad the girl into a union with a man she dislikes."

For that Miss Emily had no liking for the man whom she had met the previous evening, her own manner toward him had proved unmistakably.

"Sir," Mr. Umbree exclaimed in wrathful amazement, "do you intend to intimate that I have not been robbed?"

"Not at all," said Keen. "But I am satisfied the girl is wholly innocent; she has been made the victim of another's schemes."

"Then you have discovered something?" he queried.

"I am hardly prepared to admit that," Bill replied. "But I have reason to think I soon shall discover something of importance. If you are willing to make it worth my while I will undertake to recover your jewels without dragging the young lady into the case."

Mr. Umbree's anxiety about his diamonds was greater than his awe for the opinions of the mighty Waverley, and he promptly assented.

An inspection of the rooms soon convinced Keen that the theft had been committed either by an inmate of the house or by one perfectly familiar with it.

And upon a careful scrutiny of Coxcomb Carl's picture Bill could not decide that there was a positive resemblance between the two men.

The hair, eyebrows, and mustache of Coxcomb Carl were naturally jet black—those of Waverley were of a dull, tawny hue. The mustache of the one was a mere inky thread; of the other a luxuriant yellow fringe. Watson Waverley's features were rather pale and thin; those of the pictures were fuller and slightly florid.

Of course the incident of the lodging-house seemed impressively significant; but Bill was inclined to think that he was unaware of the removal of the floor, and that he had simply meant to lock him in the back parlor as a retaliation for what he considered an unwarrantable impertinence. And there seemed nothing strikingly singular in his preferring a quiet house to a bustling hovel—even if he did remain only a few days in the quieter quarters.

Bill concluded if he were to find Coxcomb Carl, he must take up the clue at the beginning, and keep his eyes on the young lady, whose mysterious coming and going and unaccountable absences had so enraged and perplexed her relative.

But three days passed and Miss Emily did not appear outside the house. On the afternoon of the next, she came forth, wearing a plain black cloth walking dress and a large black hat, beneath which her small face looked almost pathetically colorless and childlike. Bill noticed that she seemed as if desirous of shunning observation, and that fact, of course, suggested a secret purpose of some kind.

After walking rapidly for a few blocks she boarded an up-town car and Keen did the same.

After thirty minutes' ride she alighted at one of the Central Park entrances, and tripped up a path leading to a secluded spot not far from the Ramble. And then Keen perceived that he had shadowed Miss Emily to a lovers' tryst.

But it was with a burst of wild tears, and a cry of unutterable anguish, she rushed forward and nestled herself trustfully in the arms of a gentleman who had arisen from a circular bench beneath a big brown tree.

"They are killing me, Colin—they are killing me!" she sobbed, almost hysterically.

"There, Emily darling, don't cry!" he said, soothingly, to the lovely girl weeping in his arms. "There is a way to end all this persecution, you know. Naturally, you dislike to grieve or anger the kind relative who has been like a father to you; but at such a crisis it must be done. I must go to Mr. Umbree and tell him you are my own little wife."

That speech explained things as far as Emily was concerned. She had spent the time of her unaccountable absences from the house in the companionship of a beloved young husband.

"If you tell him that, Colin, I shall be disgraced in the sight of all the world," she sighed. "They—he and Waverley—have accused me of taking the gold and diamonds. They demand I shall choose between disgrace or a marriage with that dreadful man."

The gentleman's dark eyes flashed fire; and two spots like red flame kindled on either cheek.

"I shall end all this before the day is over, Emily," he said, firmly. "Compose yourself, dearest, and trust to me."

But just then the girl slipped from his embrace and shrunk away, her eyes dilating with a startled look, and her lips parted with a little cry of surprise.

For just beyond them, through an opening in the trees sauntered Watson Waverley himself, coming with apparent unconsciousness directly toward them. It was quite evident that he, too, was "shadowing" the lovely Miss Emily.

"Oh, Colin, he has followed me," she said; "there he is now—that hateful Waverley."

"Why, Emily," the young man returned with a look of intense amazement, "that is not Watson Waverley! I knew him well in Glasgow."

But the girl did not heed; like a scared bird she had

flitted away and sunk upon a bench behind a clump of shrubbery.

A conflict of words, if not of blows, was imminent.

At the moment Bill stepped from the angle in the path where he had been standing, he heard footsteps, and turned to see a gray-coated officer near him.

He beckoned him, and at that instant the two men confronted each other.

"So you are the fellow who has enticed my affianced bride into clandestine appointments?" Waverley began, insolently.

"I must know who you are before I can answer that question," Colin Knight responded, with a calmness which foreboded an outburst of suppressed indignation.

"I am Watson Waverley," was the somewhat dogged reply.

"You are a cheat and a scoundrel, but you are not Waverly," thundered the young man, springing with clinched fists toward the other, who, with a defensive flourish of his cane, started backward so suddenly that his hat fell to the ground and fully exposed a visage ashen with abject consternation.

At this juncture the officer and Bill interposed.

"The park is not the place to settle personal difficulties, gentlemen," said the officer.

"I think I must take one of them under my care," said Keen, touching Waverley's shoulder.

At the touch he whirled toward Bill, and his consternation changed to a look of something akin to terror.

Very likely he had supposed Keen was lying somewhere in the depths of the lodging-house cellar.

"You must come with me," said Bill, grasping one of his wrists.

With the motion of an eel and the strength of a tiger he released his wrist, and before Bill could realize what was happening he was darting up the path as if shot from a catapault.

Pursuit was useless, as he outstripped and escaped Bill.

A couple of hours later the officer called upon Mr. Umbree, and found him in a state of agitation not easy to describe.

He was too bewildered to understand that Emily was already the wife of Colin Knight; he was too stunned, in fact, for any emotion but wonder; and the two young people were sitting side by side, waiting with admirable composure for him to recover his equanimity sufficiently to give them a rating.

"What is this about Waverley?" he said to Keen. "He came in about an hour ago, and was much disturbed about some money matter, he said. He asked me to cash a check and let him take my dog-cart and gray trotter to drive somewhere after Emily. And then Emily comes in directly after and tells me this incredible thing about his being an impostor."

"Did you cash the check and let him have the trotter?" asked the detective.

"Why surely I did. I wouldn't refuse such a man a thousand dollars in a case of pressing need," Mr. Umbree said.

"Well, the chances are you will never see your horse again, and the thousand dollars have followed the thirty thousand. There is no doubt the check is spurious. The man you knew as Waverley is no other than Coxcomb Carl, the most accomplished scoundrel pictured in the Rogues Gallery."

Just then the Scotch man-servant put his homely countenance inside the door.

"Meester Umbree," he began, in an awful whisper, "I dinna ken how the thing be done, but the fleechin' Waverley he be hanging by his heels from the trap in the carriage loft and not a breath of life is there in his puir body."

"What?" Mr. Umbree ejaculated.

"Ay, 'tis but true. The man he be stone dead," Alec persisted, solemnly.

They accompanied Alec back to the picturesque brownstone stable and carriage-house adjoining the residence, and found what he said was true.

The man—who was really the notorious Coxcomb Carl—had ascended to the loft, where the harnesses were sometimes kept.

His feet had become entangled somehow amid the straps and traces. He had stumbled in his reckless haste to be gone, fractured his skull, and then he had fallen, head downward, through the open trap-door.

And there he had hung until life was extinct.

It was likely he had presumed the dog-cart and gray trotter would be his safest conveyance out of city; and possibly, too, he could have as effectually disguised the color of the horse as he had the hue of his own hair and beard, which they discovered had been bleached from black to blonde by some dull chemical preparation.

Mr. Umbree ultimately recovered most of his stolen property. The fellow had spent what was in gold, but the jewels and articles of virtu were found in his room at the hotel where he had been stopping.

Mr. Umbree also became reconciled to Emily's marriage with Colin Knight, who was no longer impecunious, having inherited a handsome fortune shortly before the events just recorded.

# THE "WHITE DEATH"

ONE of the most curious of the natural pheomena peculiar to the Rocky Mountains is the mysterious storm known to the Indians as the ':white death."

Not many years ago a party of three women and two men were crossing a part of Colorado in a wagon during the month of February. It was a lovely morning, very frosty, but with brilliant sunshine, and the atmosphere as clear as possible.

Suddenly one of the women put her hand to her face and said that she had been stung; then other members of the party did the same thing, but no insect could be seen.

A moment later they noticed that the distant mountains were disappearing behind a cloud of mist, a most unusual thing for that time of year. They drove on, and in a few minutes a gentle wind began to blow, and the air became filled with fine particles of something that scintillated like diamond dust in the sunshine.

Still they drove on until they came to a cabin, where a man signalled them to stop. With his head all muffled up, he rushed out and handed the driver a piece of paper on which was written:

"Come into the house quickly, or the storm will kill all of you. Don't talk outside here."

No time was lost in getting inside and putting the horses under cover, but in less than an hour the whole party was seized with violent coughs and fever, and before next morning one of the women had succumbed with all the symptoms of pneumonia. The others recovered.

Scientists call this phenomena frozen fog, but whence it comes has not at present been traced.

# VOODOOISM

By C. FLINT

THE Republic of Hayti is commonly known as the Black Republic. The population and government are negro, very few whites residing there.

Old superstitions, brought over from Africa, are still rife among the populace. The worst of these hedges around a sect known as the Voodoo, which still flourishes in spite of the efforts of the Haytian government to suppress it.

Voodooism is practiced in secret and consists of ceremonies in which sacrifices are offered to the god Voodoo, a being of power, cruelty and terror.

Picture to yourself a Haytian town; squat, unlovely buildings, crooked streets with piles of refuse here and there, squalid, lazy, unclean, surrounded by the luxuriant growth of the tropical jungle and the sun beating down over it all like a pitiless flame.

There is little of industry, little of agriculture. What is done in the way of work is chiefly because it must be done.

One looks at the negroes sleeping in the sun-porch's shade or at others in gaudy shawls or jackets strolling down the street and wonders.

Suddenly the lazy indifference disappears. Men and woman look at each other with uneasy eyes. Little children grip their mother's skirts or run and hide.

A slow, faint throb fills the air. A peculiar, sibilant sound, soft and penetrating as the hiss of a rattlesnake, seeming to reach into all places like a terrible, all-seeing, invisible, sinister monster. It seems to come from everywhere and nowhere.

It is the great voodoo drum calling its followers to sacrifice. Later in the afternoon, when the shadows reach out and darken, creeping forms will leave the town and gather at the secret den, while the townspeople huddle in fear and trembling of what horrors are taking place out there in the blackness of the jungle.

It really seemed as though the sound came from the mountainside above, but one could not be sure. All afternoon the terrible drum moaned and shuddered.

Nightfall—and silent figures crept along secret paths out through the maze and tangle of the jungle.

Much that follows is better passed on. Suffice to say that dancing and chanting take place around a fire, the dancers gradually working themselves into a state of abnormal consciousness with its attendant peculiar freaks. The meeting is presided over by a master of the "ju-ju."

The sacrifice usually consists of a live kid whose blood is offered to the voodoo. Sometimes a human child is sacrificed, and this is called "the kid without the horns."

There are a number of roots and herbs in Hayti which, a few years ago at least, were unknown to the materia medica of the civilized world. One of these was a root which when dried and powdered and administered with food, produced a state of profound catalepsy (almost identical with that produced through hypnosis) for a period of hours varying with the strength of the dose.

Some of the native nurses who have been voodooists have used this drug on their charge and it is to be feared that many a child disappearing in Hayti has been abducted to the terrible rites of voodoo to be used in sacrifice.

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# SEVEN SKELETONS IN BEACH MYSTERY

STATEN ISLAND, New York, has one of those blood-curdling mysteries that follow the finding of moldering human bones in unsuspected places, and the Tottenville police are asking old inhabitants and others to help them clear it up.

Deance F. Wood of Huguenot, a young publisher, was walking along the beach between Huguenot and Princess Bay the other night when his dog began growling alongside an eight-foot embankment, where recent high tides had torn away the earth. He found by striking a match that the dog was gnawing at what appeared to be a bone from a human leg.

It was too dark to investigate farther then, and the following night he, with Joel H. Johnson of New Brighton and two other men, went to the washed-out place in the embankment with a spade and a heavy fork and excavated a hole about three feet in diameter.

Enough bones were found in this small hole to indicate that at least seven persons had been buried close together—which seemed to the amateur investigator to indicate that possibly this was an old cemetery. There were seven pairs of thigh-bones, five skulls (at least five craniums, or upper parts of skulls) and three lower jawbones, or maxillaries as anatomists call them. There appeared to be no signs of fractures about the skulls. No dental work, apparently, had ever been done upon the teeth. A pelvis, small and apparently from a young person, was also found. All the bones were about four feet below the surface of the earth.

What attracted the attention of the investigators most was a heavy lock, or braid of locks, of beautifully colored hair. This looked almost as fresh as though it had been in the earth but a few days, although all the bones appeared to be very old.

There was no trace of any clothing nearby the skeletons, although a mass of spongy, fibrous material was found that looked as though it might have been a blanket disintegrated.

If these remains were ever incased in coffins, there was no trace left of the wood. The only bit of human habiliment found was one shoe, which crumbled when brought out, only the heel—of the Cuban type—remained intact.

Mr. Wood notified the Tottenville police, who said they had not found anyone who ever heard of a family cemetery in the neighborhood where the bones were found.

# THE LAST MAN

## Or, The House at the End of the Block

### A Serial Detective Story

By POLICE SERGEANT MALLORY

### CHAPTER TEN

#### THE MYSTERIOUS SKELETONS.

SOMETHING unusual had occurred, and the boy determined to find out what it was without delay.

Who could tell? It might afford him an opportunity for escape.

The ceiling, as we have said, was not very high, and by turning his bedstead, which was a light frame of slats, on end, Harry found no difficulty in standing upon it, and bringing his eye to a level with the grating.

As he did so, he perceived that it looked into another stone vault of similar shape to the one which he was in, but much larger.

A heavy, descending stone trap, operating in the same manner as the others, had been let down, causing the noise which had attracted the boy's attention.

In the center of the apartment, immediately beneath the skylight of thick, opaque glass which served to admit an uncertain light, stood the figure of an old man, short and stout, with closely-cropped snow-white hair and beard.

Now, Harry naturally distrusted every person and every thing connected with the mysterious house in which he had been so badly treated, and the idea of appealing to this person for help only entered his mind to be dismissed on the instant.

He was wrong.

Had this man known of his presence, it would have been the best thing that had ever happened to the boy.

But we often allow our most brilliant opportunities to slip by us, and Harry determined to make no appeal to one whom he could only believe to be in league with Mr. Lombard, his attempted murderer, having more confidence in his ability to ultimately win to his side Mat, the deformed playmate of his youth, than in any assistance he might derive from the other inmates of the mysterious house, whoever they might be.

He therefore determined to watch this man's movements in silence.

They were most peculiar.

First he kneeled to the floor, and seemed searching for something.

Suddenly he rose, and with him seemed to rise a great stone trap, which, opening like the lid of a box, disclosed a small vault beneath.

From this vault the man, stooping down, drew out a handsome black velvet-covered case, of considerable size, heavily studded with gold, with a handle and plate of the same metal across the broadest part.

Setting this upon a table which stood in one end of the apartment, he drew from the vault another similar case, and then another, and then others, placing them also upon the table, until they numbered twelve in all.

"There," he exclaimed, taking a large red handkerchief from his pocket and wiping the perspiration from his brow; "you are resurrected again, my old friends, though if old Tanny had his choice, he would leave your bones in peace."

Harry heard these strange words, but was at a total loss to determine their meaning.

It was almost instantly explained, however, for the old man now opened one of the cases, and displayed the contents to the boy's wondering gaze.

It was full of dry bones.

Each of these twelve cases contained bones—human bones. Not thrown in carelessly, but every bone as neatly fitted into its velvet socket, especially prepared for its reception, as though it had been some rare mathematical instrument of the highest cost.

Case after case the old man opened; they were all alike—there were human bones in each and every one.

It may be easily imagined the sight was by no means conducive to the production of an increased degree of confidence on the part of Harry Bainbridge in the singular old man he saw before him.

What terrible mystery was this?

Would his bones join those of yonder unfortunate creatures before he could escape from his miserable plight?

He did not dare to think, and a cold sensation crept over his limbs as he watched the old man in silence.

With the skill and celerity of one thoroughly familiar with his task the old man proceeded to articulate the bones one by one, forming a complete skeleton of the contents of each box.

These he seated on elegant chairs, produced from a closet in the vault, and when he had completed his task twelve bony forms sat one after the other in a row, their eyeless sockets turned full towards the gaze of the watching boy.

The old man never looked up from his work, but Harry stood back from the grating a little way, notwithstanding, and observed the utmost care to prevent being discovered.

The skeletons all in position, the old man proceeded to adjust within each a series of wires; this done he straightened himself up as though his work were about complete.

"Now, then, old masters," he cried, "let Tanny see how well you can move, for there's a supper to-night, and you must be on hand to drink the health of the 'Brotherhood of Thirteen,' as usual. Now, altogether—right arms up!"

He pressed the handle of a concealed electric battery, and the right arms of the twelve skeletons rose simultaneously to a man.

"Rise!" cried the old man.

The twelve skeletons rose.

"Drink!"

The twelve skeletons raised their bony hands and passed them towards their lips.

"Sit!" cried the old man again.

The twelve skeletons resumed their seats.

"All right!" he exclaimed. "Everything is in fine working order; all that now remains is to get you up-stairs."

One by one he shot each skeleton, chair and all, up to the regions above by means of the stone trap, each time returning for another, until the twelve had disappeared.

This time he did not return, and all that remained before the gaze of the astonished watcher were twelve velvet, gold-mounted bone cases (for we can call them by no other name) scattered carelessly over the floor.

Harry Bainbridge leaped to the floor of his cell, and restored things to their normal condition.

He was, however, stricken and mystified by the sight he had witnessed.

This house then was a perfect mausoleum, and even the bones of its victims were not suffered to remain in peace.

But what did this mysterious man mean by his talk of dinner and eating and drinking?

Have dry bones, then, need of drink and food?

It was all a mystery.

As the day went on his uneasiness increased.

He paced up and down his narrow cell like a madman, so strongly had his nerves become excited by the strange position in which he was placed.

It was night now, but that was all he knew.

He had heard no further sound in the adjoining apartment—the old man had evidently not returned.

Suddenly a violent creaking was heard above his head, which indicated the approach of his jailer, Mat the dwarf.

The stone-trap from the ceiling slowly descended, bearing upon it this singular individual.

Harry Bainbridge looked up, and leaped back with a cry of wonder and surprise.

It was not the sight of the dwarf, nor the manner of his entrance that caused the cry, but the position in which the creature was placed.

The dwarf upon the descending stone was engaged in a terrible struggle with a strong and powerful young man!

In vain he seemed to try and shake him off—the gradual sinking of the stone on which they stood seemed to cause him no alarm, for as the trap struck the floor of Harry's cell, he flung the dwarf violently from him, dashing his ill-shaped form upon the hard stone floor.

He did not seem to notice the presence of the boy, for stooping down, he seized an object which had fallen from the hands of his antagonist.

It was a small tin box.

"At last!" cried the man, grasping it and waving it aloft.

"Christopher Lombard, your dying request shall now be fulfilled!"

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH WELLS CONTINUED

WE left Detective Joseph Wells in the act of witnessing the descent of the dwarf Mat by the secret trap in the sidewalk into the cellar of the house at the end of the block.

In one of his great hands the dwarf bore the mysterious tin box, stolen from the detective on the night of the death of Christopher Lombard the miner.

Notwithstanding the critical position which he himself occupied, for he could hear the footsteps of his pursuers now descending the basement stairs, Joseph Wells determined to gain possession of that box, cost what it might.

The strange scenes which he had just witnessed only served to make his desire to fathom the secrets of the house at the end of the block more ardent.

Some deep mystery lay concealed beneath all these strange occurrences.

What it was, he felt could only be explained by obtaining possession of the papers which that box contained.

He determined to get it into his hands at any cost.

Joseph Wells was a man accustomed both to think and act with equal promptness.

If he could but get the box and force the sidewalk trap or elevator upward again, he was safe.

It worked by means of a chain, that he could plainly see. Probably there was a simple weight attachment, and to turn its course the other way might not after all prove a matter of much difficulty.

Quick as thought he threw himself upon the dwarf the instant the great stone touched the cellar floor.

Springing as he did from out of the darkness, he caught the dwarf totally unawares, and threw him on his back upon the cellar floor.

At the same instant the great stone shot suddenly upward, and returned to its place in the sidewalk above.

Quick as Joseph Wells had been, he found that he had met his match.

With a fearful chattering sound, resembling that made by a gigantic ape provoked to anger, the dwarf wound his long arms around the detective, and hugged him as though he would crush every bone in his body.

The cellar was now dark as pitch; the sound of the footsteps had ceased, although Joseph Wells instinctively felt that the persons he had seen in the room above were near.

In vain he tried to disengage himself from that terrible grasp.

Chatter, chatter, chatter!

The hideous dwarf grasped him tighter than before.

With a mighty effort, he at length wrenched one hand free, and in the endeavor to gain a purchase grasped a short iron rod which seemed to project upright from the floor upon which he and his antagonist were rolling over and over, now this way, now that.

Wonder of wonders!

With the first grasp on that rod, Joseph Wells felt the floor slowly sink beneath them!

They were being lowered into a pit.

This was too much!

It was life or death with the detective now, for he felt that he was probably entering some secret vault, from which escape would be well-nigh impossible.

Exerting the full power of a desperate man, he shook himself free of the embrace of those terrible arms.

The stone trap now came suddenly to a stand-still, and Joseph Wells, springing to his feet, seized the dwarf and dashed him violently to the stone floor.

Then it was that he seized his prize—the box—and waving it above his head, uttered the words heard by the imprisoned boy, and noted at the close of the last chapter.

Hope thrilled Harry Bainbridge's heart.

Had help come at last?

At the same instant the detective perceived some one else occupied the place into which he had descended, although around him everything was shrouded in total darkness.

Quick as lightning he drew his revolver and cocked it.

"Speak!" he exclaimed. "Speak, and tell me whether you are friend or foe, or I fire!"

"Friend!" cried Harry. "I am held a prisoner here—rescue me, for the love of Heaven!"

"Your name?" asked the detective, keeping his foot meanwhile upon the body of the prostrate dwarf, who lay apparently stunned upon the stone floor.

"My name is Harry Bainbridge—I have been a prisoner in this hole for days and days."

"Harry Bainbridge!" cried the detective; "by all that's

good! the owner of the cane. Boy, I thought you dead."

"They tried to kill me," replied Harry, "but my wound is now nearly well; but don't let us spend a moment talking—whoever you are—there are others in this terrible house beside Mat here, and if we are to escape, we haven't a moment to lose."

"True," replied Wells, "but we must have light if we are to see how this machine operates, otherwise I can't see how we are to reach the cellar above."

He hastily produced a dark-lantern with which he had provided himself, but which up to the present time he had found no occasion to use.

Flashing the light into the face of the dwarf, he found that he was fully conscious, and taking in all that transpired.

"Here, you misshapen ape," cried Wells, "show us how this thing works."

"Find out for yourself," replied the dwarf, with his characteristic chatter.

Joseph Wells pressed the muzzle of the pistol to his head, keeping his foot upon him as he did so.

"Now, then," he said, "tell me, or I'll blow your brains out, if you have any, before you can say half your prayers."

"Let me up," whined the dwarf; "I can show you nothing here."

The detective reflected an instant, then calling to Harry to follow him, he stepped upon the stone trap, keeping the dwarf in range meanwhile.

"Raise us to the floor above!" he said sternly, "or your life is not worth an instant's purchase."

Mat sullenly stepped upon the stone, and seizing the iron chain by which it was operated, gave it a peculiar twist.

The stone shot like lightning to the floor of the cellar above.

"Now," cried the detective, still holding the dwarf at bay with his pistol, "put us into the street."

"Who are you, men, and what do you want in this house?"

The detective turned his head in the direction from which the voice came.

The old servant of the Dinner of Death—Mr. Tanningham—in his waiter's dress, stood before him.

The mysterious double of Christopher Lombard? He then could not be far away!

Joseph Wells felt that his position was critical in the extreme.

"Hold, old man!" he cried. "Have a care what you do! I am a detective. My presence in this house is known, and if you or any of your gang hidden behind there attempt to molest me, it is sure to cost you dear!"

"I molest no one," replied the old man slowly. "I have no gang—I am alone—what are you doing here with that boy and my unfortunate half idiotic son?"

The dwarf his son!

"I waste no words!" cried the detective. "Open this trap and send us to the street, or I'll blow out your brains where you stand!"

The old man did not wince.

"So be it," he said, quietly. "I have no desire to detain either of you for a moment. My son here shall explain all."

As he spoke he touched a spring—the great stone descended from the sidewalk above.

Detective Wells, followed by the boy, leaped on it, and in another instant found themselves standing in the street above.

The danger was over, the strange adventures of the night had passed, and Joseph Wells found himself in possession of the two things for which he had most ardently sought—the missing boy, not dead but living, and the much longed-for tin box.

"Come to my room—it is just opposite," he said to Harry. "I have many questions to ask you, and I don't want to lose sight of you until they are answered."

Harry, bewildered and overjoyed at his escape, offered no objection, and a moment later found both the detective and his charge seated in the little room of the former, in Mrs. Doxey's most respectable house.

Joseph Wells shut and locked the door, and throwing himself into one chair, motioned Harry to another.

"Boy!" he exclaimed, "who are you, and in Heaven's name what does all this mystery in yonder house mean?"

Harry, who was frankness itself, and had never had anything in his life to conceal, related his adventures from beginning to end.

The detective remained more perplexed than ever.

"This man, then, who tried to murder you is named Christopher Lombard," he said.

"That's his name," was the boy's reply.

"And you have known him a long time?"

"All my life."

"And yet," said the detective, musingly, "I know Christopher Lombard to be dead."

Harry made no reply—he could not comprehend matters at all.

"Hold!" cried Joseph Wells, seizing the tin box, which he had placed on a table beside him. "I have here that which may explain it all."

He now suddenly reflected that to this box he possessed no key.

It had never been given him, and to ask Barney Nudd about it was something of which he had not once thought.

He determined, however, that this should not delay him, and seizing a stout poker from the fire-place, he struck the lid of the box several powerful blows, bursting it open with no difficulty at all.

It was empty!

The detective threw the box one side, with an exclamation of rage and disgust.

At that instant there came a loud knock at the door.

It was now after twelve o'clock, and Joseph Wells was at a loss to imagine who this later visitor might be.

He opened the door, when there shot by him with a rush the form of a man.

He staggered wildly about the room, grasped a chair here, made a feint at a table there, and finished by falling flat on his back upon the floor.

It was Barney Nudd.

He was as drunk as a lord.

He made no effort to rise, but began fumbling in his pocket where he lay.

"Begorra!" he cried, in thick, husky accents, "Misther Wells, it's a terrible siege I've had of it this day! The Dolans were five hours late, and the boys had a terrible fight, and cleaned out the bar, but, be the pipers! they didn't get the prize away from Barney after all. Here they are! Here's the papers from the box that long-arrumed ape was after staling on that terrible winter's night, and now, plaze Hiven, we'll know where to lay the master's bones at last!"

Barney Nudd having thus delivered himself, rolled over, helplessly drunk; but before he did so, he placed a small packet of papers in the detective's outstretched hand.

"Good boy, Barney!" cried Joseph Wells; "drunk or sober, you've won the day after all!"

*(To be continued)*

# THE MYSTERY OF HYPNOTISM

By LEO HUGO KOCH, A.C.S.

## PART FOUR

### CATALEPSY

A GOOD subject (one whom you have previously found easy to hypnotize) should be chosen for this stage of hypnosis, and the methods numbered 2 and 3 are generally found to be the best for this. Having assured yourself that the subject is sound asleep and is breathing deeply and regularly, have him stand up straight and pass your hand several times down one arm, at the same time suggesting to him that it is stiff by his side; then do the same with the other arm and each leg, after which stand behind him, and, placing both hands on his back, between the shoulder blades, tell him to fall gently backward, and lower him flat on the floor. Next get in front of him and kneel, with your legs each side of him, and grasping the thighs firmly with both hands press with all your might, and at the same time shout, with all the force at your command, the word, "Rigid!" and give a suggestion that every muscle of his body is becoming hard and set. If these instructions are thoroughly carried out every muscle of the subject's body will become hard, and he will appear as "stiff as a board." He may then be raised, by the assistance of two persons, and placed upon the backs of two chairs and several full-grown men may place their weight upon him. Great care should, however, be taken that the chairs are securely fastened before attempting this, as accidents have been known to happen where the chairs have given way under the heavy weight.

### ANÆSTHESIA

One of the most useful purposes Hypnotism may be used for is that of producing anæsthesia in minor surgical operations, when complete insensibility to pain may be induced and is much preferable to chloroform, ether, etc., as no disagreeable after effects are experienced.

To pass a needle or hat-pin through the ear, arm, hand, cheeks or tongue of a subject, first sterilize it by dipping into a solution of carbolic acid (strength, 1 part in 40); or if performing in public, and this means of disinfecting is not available, pass the instrument several times through the flame of a lighted match or candle, being careful to thoroughly clean it afterward. These precautions will prevent the possibility of blood poisoning. Next take hold of the skin of, say, the arm, pinch it into a fold with the thumb and forefinger, and suggest to the patient that he is unable to feel anything in that particular spot. Keep on repeating this suggestion and each time that you do so, pinch it slightly and increase it each time until you are quite certain that there is absolutely no pain felt; then smartly push your needle through the skin; and when you require to take it out, do so quickly, placing your finger over the spot to prevent any blood from flowing.

Teeth may be extracted in the same manner, but the operator must use a large amount of tact and discretion.

### HOW TO HYPNOTIZE BY TELEPHONE

This is accomplished by post-hypnotic suggestion. You give your subject the suggestion while under the hypnotic influence, that at a certain hour on a certain day you will call him up on the telephone and suggest to him, say, that his arm is rigid and he cannot let go of the receiver, or he cannot bend; and the effect will be the same as in the previous mentioned experiment.

### HOW TO AWAKEN YOUR SUBJECT

To awaken your subject from the hypnotic sleep is an easier matter than to produce it. But there are several points to be remembered when so doing, which are, briefly, as follows:

1. Never get scared or excited if your subject does not awaken immediately, for if left alone he will eventually awaken of his own accord.

2. Never awaken your subject too suddenly, as this may cause a shock to his nervous system and prevent him from becoming a subject for you again.

3. The best method of awakening a subject is to tell him to count ten and that when he has done so he will wake up. As he counts each number, at first help him along by saying "yes," or "all right," or "go on."

4. When he has opened his eyes pat him gently on the head or shake him by the hand and ask him if he feels all right, and whether he knows where he is. If he answers you sensibly and coherently you can rest assured that he is thoroughly awake and in his normal condition.

### THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

Having once mastered the principles of Hypnotism there is no end to the wonderul phenomena that can be produced by its aid, and the student who has mastered this marvelous power has gained a knowledge of everlasting benefit to himself and humanity in general. He can, by the aid of suggestion, cure all kinds of habits such as the cigarette, drink and drug habits, by simply suggesting to the subject under the hypnotic influence and telling him to be rid of it. No harm can result from using suggestion, and seemingly miraculous cures have been wrought by its aid; not only is the subject cured, but the mental, moral and physical being is ofttimes strengthened. Suggestions always gain a firmer hold upon the subject's mind by repetition; for example: You wish to create the hallucination of, say, a tug-of-war in the subject's mind, and, presuming that his eyes are already closed in the hypnotic sleep, you should proceed something after this style:

"Now, I am going to let you open your eyes; and when you do so you will witness a tug-of-war between (here mention any imaginary teams that come into your mind). All right; open your eyes. There they are! You can see them over there (here point at some particular spot with your forefinger). Look! You can see them! See, over there! They are pulling for all they are worth. Give them a little encouragement!" Here clap your hands together as if you were actually witnessing such a scene yourself, and the subject will invariably follow your example and presently he will get quite as excited and enthusiastic as if he were indeed witnessing an actual and interesting tug-of-war, and will cause roars of laughter from the spectators—your audience.

You will probably sometimes observe that each suggestion requires to be repeated several times before the subject grasps, as it were, the situation. The hypnotist should imagine in his own mind that which he wishes the subject to see or do, and suggest it to him by words and gesture.

Pain can usually be controlled by the power of suggestion, and it may also be produced by the same means.

All kinds of strange phenomena and funny performances can be produced with almost all hypnotic subjects by the power of suggestion.

## HYPNOTISM AND MEDICINE

It should not for a moment be assumed that Hypnotism, magnetic healing, etc., are meant to entirely supplant the use of material medicines, as there have been just as wonderful cures wrought by their aid as by hypnotic means; but on the other hand we never, as a rule, question the quality or composition of any material remedy so long as it has been known to effect a cure. Why, then, should we question the quality of Hypnotism so long as it produces a like result?

In the matter of surgical operations it is questionable whether Hypnotism would prove as effectual as the administration of ether or chloroform in, say, an abdominal opening; but, on the other hand, in minor operations it can be used to great advantage and would prove a valuable adjunct to any surgeon or physician in his ordinary practice as it would be found of great advantage, when administering an anæsthetic, to combine with it suggestions of sleep as used in Hypnotism.

## THE CURE OF INSOMNIA BY SUGGESTION

People who were suffering from insomnia have often been sent to sleep by means of administering some simple chemical which they were led to believe was a sleeping draught, but which really was some inert substance. They simply slept by the aid of suggestion or because they expected to do so.

The writer knows of two instances where loaf sugar, pounded up into a powder and administered to a patient who had had no sleep for several nights, and who was under the impression that it was a sleeping draught, produced a state of sound, natural sleep in less than fifteen minutes afterward, and the patient, in one instance, actually remarked the next morning upon the excellent sleep-producing qualities of the draught administered.

This can probably be verified by many physicians or nurses who have experienced similar instances.

A great many people wish for sleep, but as they do not expect it, it does not come.

## PEOPLE WHO CANNOT BE HYPNOTIZED

Never, under any circumstances, attempt to hypnotize a person who is under the influence of intoxicating beverages.

A person who has not full possession of his mental faculties can seldom, if ever, be influenced. An idiot or a lunatic cannot be hypnotized.

The more intelligent, refined and cultured the individual the better subject you will have for hypnosis.

Nervous or neurotic people seldom make good subjects.

Never try to hypnotize a person who makes out that he knows all about the subject and wants to argue the point with you before you start, or offers to bet you $5 that you "can't hypnotize him." Tell him that his mind is not capable of concentration for any length of time, as he cannot talk and concentrate his mind at the same time; or, better still, treat him with silent contempt until after the exhibition is over, when perhaps your experiments will tend to convince him of your ability as a hypnotist more than words could do.

## SIMULATION

It will frequently be found in the practice of Hypnotism that some persons who think themselves particularly smart will try and foul you into the belief that they are hypnotized and will carry out all your suggestions, etc., with that intention; but there are ways and means of testing these people to prove to yourself whether they are really hypnotized or only simulating, and they will come with practice. A few of these methods, however, I give as follows:

Place the subject's hands, with fingers outstretched, above his head and let him remain in that position (having previously given him the suggestion to do so) for about ten or fifteen minutes. If he is simulating he will want to relax his muscles before the end of that time and he will grow very shaky at the finger tips.

Make the suggestion that you are about to pass a hat-pin through his cheek or tongue, and if he allows you to do this you can stake a fortune that he is not fooling you.

The waking of the subject in many cases will be characterized by an astonished look, and he will generally be observed to look around as if to find out where he is, which is unnoticeable in the "fake."

## ECSTASY AND CATALEPSY FROM A MEDICAL STANDPOINT

The following are extracts taken from a series of lectures on the Practice of Physic, delivered at Kings College, London, by Thomas Watson, M. D., and published in 1850:

"There are yet some strange forms of nervous disorder which require to be mentioned; but upon which I don't intend to dwell. Catalepsy is one of these, and what is called Ecstasy, another.*

"These affections are very rare as well as very wonderful. So wonderful and rare that weak and superstitious persons have referred them to the interposition of supernatural agents in human affairs; and stronger-minded persons, who happen never to have witnessed such disease, deny their occurrence as fabulous or laugh at them as the tricks and cheating of imposture. They often do happen, however, and they happen mostly in the same class of persons in whom hysterical and nervous complaints are most common. They often appear to be produced by smaller causes than these; they resemble hysteria in being seldom with any danger to life. Their pathology is, if possible, still more obscure than that of hysteria.

"In what is called Ecstasy, the state is different. The patient is lost to all external impressions, but wrapt and absorbed in some object of the imagination. The muscles are sometimes relaxed; sometimes rigid as in slight tetanus;† but the loss of voluntary power over them is not complete or universal, for these patients often speak in a very earnest manner or sing. They are, as the term imports, out of the body at the time, wholly engrossed in some high contemplation. This state is not uncommon as forming a part of religious insanity; and sometimes it indicates ordinary hysteria.

"Nervous and susceptible persons are apt to be thrown into this trance under the influence of animal magnetism. And grave authors assure us that the intelligence which then deserts the brain concentrates itself in the epigastrim (upper part of the abdomen), or at the tips of the fingers. That people in that state read letters which are placed upon their stomach, or applied to the soles of their feet; answer, oracularly, enigmatical questions; describe, exactly, their own external organic diseases, and often foretell future events."

*(To be continued)*

*The Symptoms of these diseases are readily produced in the hypnotized subject when under control.

†A disease characterized by paroxysms of tonic spasms in the muscles of voluntary motion.

# THE SCIENCE OF FORTUNE-TELLING

## PART FOUR

### NÆVIOLOGY

*As its name implies, this is the Science of Foretelling Future Events by Moles, Marks, Scars, or other signs on the Skin. Showing their situation, and by that the indication they give of a person's disposition and future lot in Life.*

THESE little marks on the skin, although they appear to be the effect of chance, or accident, and might easily pass with the unthinking for things of no moment, are nevertheless of the utmost consequence, since from their color, situation, size and figure, may be accurately gathered the temper of, and the events that will happen to the person bearing them; though moles are, in their substances, nothing else than excrescences, or ebullitions which proceed from the state of the blood whilst the fœtus is confined in the womb, yet they are not given in vain, as they are generally characteristic of the disposition and temper of those that bear them, and it is also proved by daily experience, that from the shape, situation and other circumstances, they bear a strong analogy to the events which are to happen to a person in future life. But before I presume to give any directions to those who are to form the prognostic, who are desirous to be duly enabled to pronounce an infallible judgment, I shall, in the first place, teach you herein the common prognostications by moles found in the various parts of the body, according to the doctrine of the ancients. And, first it is essentially necessary to know the size of the mole, its color, whether it be perfectly round, oblong or angular; because each of these will add to or diminish the force of the indication. The larger the mole, the greater will be the prosperity or adversity of the person; the smaller the mole, the less will be his good or evil fate. If the mole is round, it indicates good; if oblong, a moderate share of fortunate events; if angular, it gives a mixture of good and evil; the deeper the color, the more it announces favor or disgrace; the lighter, the less of either. If it is very hairy, much misfortune may be expected; if but few long hairs grow upon it, it denotes that your undertakings will be prosperous.

We shall further remark only, that moles of a middling size and color are those which we are now going to speak of. The rest may be gathered from what we have just above mentioned, but as it may frequently happen that modesty will sometimes hinder persons from showing their moles, you must depend upon their own representation of them for your opinion.

#### ON THE WRIST, OR BETWEEN THAT AND THE FINGER ENDS,

shows the person to be of an ingenious and industrious turn, faithful in his engagements, amorous and constant in his affections, rather of a saving disposition, with a great degree of sobriety and regularity in his dealings. It foreshows a comfortable acquisition of fortune, with a good partner, and beautiful children, but some disagreeable circumstances will happen about the age of thirty, which continue four or five years. In a man it denotes being twice married—in a woman only once, but that she will survive her husband.

#### BETWEEN THE ELBOW AND THE WRIST,

shows a placid and cheerful disposition, industry and a love of reading, particularly books of science; it foretells much prosperity and happiness towards the middle of life, but after having undergone many hardships, if not imprisonment, it also denotes that your eldest son will rise to honors in the state and marry a woman not of his own country, who will bring him much riches.

#### NEAR EITHER ELBOW,

shows a restless and unsteady position, with a great desire of traveling—much discontented in the married state, and of an idle turn—it indicates no very great prosperity, rather a sinking than rising condition, with many unpleasant adventures, much to your discredit—marriage to a person who will make you unhappy, and children who will be disobedient and cause you much trouble.

#### ON THE RIGHT OR LEFT ARM,

shows a courteous disposition, great fortitude, resolution, industry and conjugal fidelity—it foretells that the person will fight many battles, and be successful in all; that you will be prosperous in your undertakings, obtain a decent competency, and live very happy—it denotes that a man will be a widower at forty, but in a woman it shows that she will be survived by her husband.

#### ON THE LEFT SHOULDER,

shows a person of a quarrelsome and unruly disposition, always inclined to dispute for trifles, rather indolent, but much inclined to the pleasures of love, and faithful to the conjugal vows. It denotes a life not much varied either with pleasures or misfortunes—they indicate many children and moderate success in business, but dangers by sea.

#### ON THE RIGHT SHOULDER,

shows a person of a prudent and discreet temper, one possessed of much wisdom, given to great secrecy, very industrious and faithful to conjugal ties—it indicates great prosperity and advancement in life, a good partner, and many friends, with great profit from a journey to a distant country, about the age of thirty-five.

#### ON ANY PART FROM THE SHOULDER TO THE LOINS,

shows an even and mild temper, given to sloth and rather cowardly and unfaithful—it denotes decay in health and wealth, with troubles and difficulties in the decline of life and much vexation from children.

#### ON THE LOINS,

shows industry and honesty, with great vigor, courage and fidelity—it foretells success in business, and in love, many children, acquirement of riches and honor, with much traveling—it also indicates a great loss by lending of money and quarreling among friends, who will attempt to deceive you.

#### ON EITHER HIP,

shows a contented disposition, given to industry, faithful in engagement, of an abstemious turn—it foretells moderate success in life, with many children, who will undergo many hardships with great fortitude, and arrive at ease and affluence by dint of their industry and ingenuity.

ON THE RIGHT THIGH,

shows the person to be of an agreeable temper and very courageous—it also denotes success in life, accumulation of riches by marriage, and many fine children, chiefly girls.

ON THE LEFT THIGH,

shows a good and benevolent disposition, a great turn for industry, and little inclined to pleasure—it indicates many sorrows in life, great poverty, unfaithful friends, and imprisonment by false swearing.

ON THE LEFT KNEE,

shows a hasty and passionate disposition, extravagant and inconsiderate turn, with no great inclination to industry and honesty, and possessed of much benevolence—it indicates good success in undertakings, particularly in contracts, a rich marrige and an only child.

ON THE RIGHT KNEE,

shows an amiable temper, honest disposition, and a turn for pleasures and industry—it foretells great success in love, and the choice of a conjugal partner, with few sorrows, many friends and dutiful children.

ON EITHER LEG,

shows a person of a thoughtless, indolent disposition, much given to extravagance and dissipation—it denotes many difficulties through life, but that you will surmount them all—it shows that imprisonment will happen to you at an early age, but that in general you will be more fortunate than otherwise; you will marry an agreeable person, who will survive you, by whom you will have four children, two of which will die young.

ON EITHER ANKLE,

shows an effeminate disposition, given to foppery in dress, and cowardice in a man; but in a woman it denotes courage, wit and activity—they foretell success in life with an agreeable partner, accumulation of honors and riches and much pleasure.

ON EITHER FOOT,

shows a melancholy and inactive disposition, little inclined to pleasure, given to reading and a sedentary life—they foretell sickness and unexpected misfortunes, with many sorrows and much trouble, an unhappy choice of a partner for life, with disobedient and unfortunate children.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE FOREHEAD, OR RIGHT TEMPLE,

shows an active and industrious disposition—it denotes that he will be very successful in life, marry an agreeable partner, and arrive at unexpected riches and honors, and have a son who will become a great man.

ON THE RIGHT EYEBROW,

shows a sprightly, active disposition, a great turn for gallantry, much courage, and great perseverance—it denotes wealth, and success in love, war and business; that you will marry an agreeable mate, live happy, have children, and die in an advanced old age, at a distance from home.

ON THE LEFT EYEBROW, TEMPLE, OR SIDE OF THE FOREHEAD,

shows an indolent, peevish temper, a turn for debauchery and liquor, and very cowardly—it foretells poverty, imprisonment, and disappointments in all your undertakings, with undutiful children and a bad tempered partner.

ON THE OUTSIDE CORNER OF EITHER EYE,

shows a sober, honest and steady disposition—it foretells a violent death, after a life considerably varied by pleasures and misfortunes—in general it foreshows that poverty will keep at a distance.

ON EITHER CHEEK,

shows an industrious, benevolent and sober disposition, given to be grave and solemn, and of a steady courage and unshaken fortitude—it denotes a modern success in life, neither becoming rich nor falling into poverty—it also foretells an agreeable and industrious partner, with two children, who will do better than the parents.

ON THE CHIN,

shows an amiable and tranquil disposition, very industrious—it denotes that the person will be highly successful in life, accumulating a large and splendid fortune, with many respectable and worthy friends, an agreeable conjugal partner, and fine children—but also indicates losses by sea and in foreign countries.

ON EITHER LIP,

shows a delicate appetite, a sober disposition, of an industrious and benevolent turn—it denotes that the person will be successful in undertakings, particularly in love affairs—that you will rise above your present condition, and be greatly respected and esteemed, that you will endeavor to obtain some situation, in which you will at first prove unsuccessful, but afterwards prevail.

ON THE NOSE,

shows a hasty and passionate disposition, faithful to engagements, candid, open, and sincere in friendship, courageous and honest, but very petulant, and rather given to drink—it denotes great success through life and in love affairs, that will become rich, marry well, have fine children and be much esteemed by your neighbors and acquaintance—that you will travel much, particularly by water.

ON THE THROAT,

shows a friendly and generous disposition, of a sober turn, given to industry—it denotes riches by marriage, and great success afterwards in your undertakings, with fine children, who will go to a far distant country, where they will marry, grow rich, and return to their native land.

ON THE SIDE OF THE NECK,

shows a meek and sober disposition, but firm and steady in friendship, rather given to industry—it denotes much sickness, and that you will be in great danger of suffocation, but that you will rise to unexpected honor and dignity, receive large legacies, and grow very rich—but also that your children will fall into poverty and disgrace.

ON THE RIGHT BREAST,

shows an intemperate and indolent disposition, rather given to drink—it denotes much misfortune in life, with a sudden reverse from riches to poverty—many unpleasant and disagreeable accidents, with a sober and industrious partner—many children, mostly girls, who will all marry well, and be a great comfort to your old age—it warns you to beware of pretended friends, who will harm you much.

ON THE LEFT BREAST,

shows an industrious and sober disposition, and much given to walking—it denotes great success in life and in love, that you will accumulate riches, and have many children, mostly boys, who will make their fortunes by sea.

ON THE BOSOM,

shows a quarrelsome and unhappy temper, given to low debauchery, indolent and unsteady—it denotes a life neither very prosperous nor very miserable, but passed without many friends or much esteem.

*(To be continued)*

# CURRENT NEWS

## BLACK HEN TURNS WHITE

The death of Eusatia Palidani, thirty-two years old, a Spanish black hen, said to have been the oldest hen in the United States, is announced by James Blanchard, of Danville, Conn., her owner. In her youth Eusatia was a prize winning pedigreed beauty. When fifteen years old her black plumage became white.

## RHEUMATIC INVALID CAN WALK

August Lohemyer, a farmer living six miles north of Greenleaf, Kan., received the surprise of his life the other morning when he awoke and found he could walk after being confined to an invalid's chair for more than thirty years with rheumatism. He walked about town afterwards, apparently strong and healthy.

## DIES AT MINUTE HE SELECTS.

Henry A. Pratt, a retired business man, of Hornell, N. Y., called his niece to his bedside early the other morning and dictated a notice of his death for the local newspapers, giving 8.45 o'clock the hour of death. Promptly to the minute he passed away.

He was eighty-eight years old and had been in poor health for some time. He had previously picked out his own coffin and arranged with the undertaker to conduct the service.

## WHY RIVERS OUTLIVE LAKES.

It has recently been explained why lakes are rare in countries the surface of which have undergone no sudden changes for an immense period of time. This is because the gradual effects of atmospheric agencies and the power of water to carry solid matter from elevated places and deposit it in depressed places tend to reduce the land to a general level and to fill up the basins of the lakes.

Thus in the southern United States lakes are rare, while in the northern part of the country they abound.

## $20,000 FOR MARS FLASH.

The Academy of Sciences, Paris, evidently considers communication between the earth and the planets as among the possibilities, for it has undertaken to act as judge for a prize of $20,000 to be given for the best means of making a sign to a heavenly body and the receipt of a reply. It has been the custom of the academy always to refuse to handle prizes for any feat which it considers a mere waste of time. In presenting the present prize for competition the academy makes the proviso that "the planet Mars is included, as being sufficiently known."

## CUT OUT OWN APPENDIX

Jack Dow, recently discharged from the army, was said by surgeons of the Pomona Valley Hospital, Pomona, Cal., to have cut out his own appendix the other day. Dow suffered a sudden attack of appendicitis. He was rushed to the hospital, where he insisted upon taking only a local anesthetic. When surgeons had progressed in the operation to the point where the appendix was to be cut out, Dow demanded the right to do it himself. Dow was a medical student at Johns Hopkins before entering the army.

## LIQUOR IN MOTOR OIL CASKS

Large casks supposed to contain motor oil and bearing the advertising slogan "Increase your horse power!" shipped to Portland, Ore., recently from California were found to contain whiskey when the Government agents became suspicious and investigated. The casks were confiscated.

Boxes of what was labeled insect powder were seized at the Union Station by Federal officers. Upon opening them bottles containing an inferior grade of whiskey were found.

## ASHES TO THE DEEP.

The ashes of the late W. C. Boschen of New York, famous as a swordfish angler, were thrown on the waves twelve miles from Avalon, Cal., one day recently by Capt. George C. Farnsworth, his former boatman, to whom he devised a legacy of $25,000. This was in accordance with wishes expressed by Boschen when he last visited Avalon, shortly before his death, Nov. 15, 1918. Capt. Farnsworth went out to sea alone in his launch. At noon he spread a lunch for two. He ate half. Then he smoked a cigar. Then he threw the ashes of Boschen upon the waves.

## ANIMATED SKELETON.

The life action of the spinal column illustrated by a skeleton was the unusual demonstration presented before the members of the State Osteopathic Association by Dr. H. Virgil Halladay of Kirksville, Mo.

By means of an embalming fluid, the process of which he discovered a year ago, Dr. Halladay claims to be able to retain the elasticity of the vertebrae as in life. The action of death and embalming fluids ordinarily brings rigidity to the human frame so that this demonstration has heretofore been impossible.

Dr. Halladay's experiment was one of the features of the recent national convention of osteopaths at Chicago.

## HOTEL FLOATS TO WHERE FISH BITE

Unable to purchase a convenient site on shore, a Canadian operates a floating hotel on Great Central Lake, B. C., a body of water noted as a fishing and hunting resort, and wins the approbation of patrons by moving the quarters to any spot that affords the best sport, says Popular Mechanics. There are ten guest rooms on board the big house boat, each capable of accommodating two persons, a large dining room and a kitchen.

Around the structure is a wide veranda, from which perch can be taken with a hook and line if the craft is advantageously moored. Trout are plentiful, but require a little more effort to capture. Wild game abounds in the woods which surround the lake.

During the winter, when ice covers the water, the proprietor of the hotel becomes a fur trapper.

## WILD HORSES IN SKULL VALLEY

It seems strange to read in the Spokesman-Review, Spokane, that there are thousands of wild horses in the Skull Valley, near the Utah-Nevada line, that have become a positive danger, and, apparently, must be dealt with like other predatory wild animals. The reports say they draw away domesticated stock, demolish fences and do serious damage to property. To corral them is almost an impossibility. Besides, when cornered they are desperate fighters whom the most daring ranchers hesitate to face. Men are hunting them with rifles as they have hunted tigers in other lands. How far all this is true we have no means of knowing. If to catch and ship and market a herd of these wild creatures, foraging on the farms, would be more expensive than to shoot them, that may be a reason for the practice rather than their fierceness as fighters.

## KEEP SHOES WARM WITH ELECTRIC WIRES.

Leonard Zimmerman, a young student of electricity and already an expert in wireless telegraphy, sends to The World a novel but practical idea for warming the feet. He designed it principally for skaters, but the idea is just as good for any one else who has to be out in the cold.

He takes an ordinary felt insole, splits it and places a loop of tungsten wire to run all around it inside. This is replaced in the shoe, and the ends of the wire are carried about half an inch up the back of the heel and fastened to two small metal pegs which project through the shoe. When the user touches the poles of a pocket battery—such as that used in a pocket flashlight—to the two metal pegs, the tungsten wire becomes hot and heats the felt of the insole. There is no danger of burning, for the instant the wearer feels the shoe becoming too hot he breaks the connection by removing the battery.

## CAN SEPARATE "TWINS"

Dr. J. H. Selby and Dr. H. W. Ploggmeyer, two surgeons formerly of Johns Hopkins Hospital of Baltimore, have found that a simple operation could be performed to separate Lucio and Simplico Godino, the "Philippine twins," who are in Washington under the guardianship of Theodore R. Yangeo, Philippine Commissioner. X-ray photographs taken by the surgeons indicated that the two boys are entirely normal except that their tissues are joined at the base of the spinal column. No bony "bridge" was found, it is said. With nothing but a muscular wall joining the two bodies, the separation is regarded as comparatively simple.

The boys were taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital last June for observation. It was felt since the twins are now eleven years old that a decision should be reached before they developed into manhood. Plans of the surgeons, however, were upset by the unwillingness of the guardian of the twins to consent to an operation.

## IMMENSE POWER IN A RADIUM WATCH.

If you own a radium dialed watch with luminous figures and hands, then you are the possessor of a vast power plant of no mean proportions, says the Electrical Experimenter. There is sufficient radium on your watch dial to haul your train homeward, if it could be properly applied.

As the matter stands, the innocent looking radium dial does not seem to possess any extraordinary amount of concentrated energy, but this is only apparently the case, and not actually so; for the reason that while the radium paint on the dial is small, this effect will keep up for 2,500 years, provided the zinc sulphide, with which the radium is mixed so as to produce a glow, held out that long. The zinc sulphide in most cases gives out in about eight to ten years.

Now, if we could but find a way to make the radium release all its energy in a few hours, instead of spreading it over 2,500 years, it would not be difficult to make a motor that would utilize this energy.

## BAY FILLED WITH LUMINOUS SNAKES

One evening early in the February of a recent year the citizens of San Diego, Cal., experienced quite a scare, almost a panic. About 8 o'clock the calm surface of their beautiful bay presented such a tremendous phosphorescent glow that many persons living on the bordering hillsides became greatly alarmed, rushed to their telephones and anxiously called up the fire department to inquire as to the cause of masses of fiery lights that gleamed on the water. Definite knowledge relative to the strange sight was not fully obtained, however, until the next day, when the chief of the State Marine Biological Station, after closely examining a bucketful of the eellike worms, which had been captured by an old skipper on the ferry boat, explained that the bright light was caused by millions of small reptiles known as annelides that had suddenly come to the surface. He further mentioned that these strange creatures had a habit of making periodical visits about once every fifteen years.

From 8 o'clock to midnight the broad harbor in front of the city appeared to be filled to the brim with luminous snakes, its waters being literally alive with wriggling phosphorescent reptiles, averaging about two feet in length, their slender flat bodies resembling shiny blades of matted grass. So thickly massed were the squirming reptiles that the steam launches from the anchored warships in the harbor were apparently barely able to make headway through them and many thousands of the lustrous snakes were killed by being crushed in the propellers of the vessels.

## THE DANGER OF FEELING TOO WELL

"Good morning, Mr. Jones. "How do you feel to-day?"

"Very well, thank you. I feel just glorious."

Feeling hugely well is generally considered a blessed thing, but that is all wrong. It is likely enough a symptom of disease. To prove this good and brilliant paradox, we have only to bring forward a pronouncement from the editorial pen of the Medical Record, which has the following to say:

"That men who are most euphoric (this fine word means that they feel in great condition) and have the keenest subjective feeling of health may be already in the grip of some malady is so well known to experienced practitioners that some of the latter come to dread the statements of their clientele as to redundant health. This subjective attitude can be explained at times by the subtle stimulation of disease toxins. We know that disease poisons are stimulants in minute doses. The candidate for cancer is often not only the healthiest of subjects, but never so abounding in health as when the malady first declares itself. This is an argument in support of the growing theory that cancer is constitutional from the start and that the apparent superhealth is in reality the result of stimulation by protoplasmic poisons of some kind. Much has been written about the stimulating effects of tuberculosis toxins on the quality of literary and artistic output, and these men are proverbially optimistic and exhibit a very sane, even a selfish, attitude toward self-preservation, the natural result of their poor physical condition."

## PHANTOM CITY IS BEING REMOVED

A London wrecking company is engaged in the demolition of St. Joseph's, the phantom city on Lake Huron, near Bayfield, established twenty years ago by Narcisse Contine, a French Canadian, who secured the backing of Montreal capitalists.

It is claimed that nearly three-quarters of a million dollars of private funds were sunk in the fruitless project, while the Dominion Government aided the plan by building a harbor and wharf. The buildings included a 200 bedroom four-story hotel, with a 100-foot bar.

The building was never occupied, and in recent years sections of it have been wrecked from year to year to meet the unpaid tax bills.

In addition there were a three-story garage, a machine shop and an electric lighting plant with valuable machinery, a large administrative building, a block of retail stores and scores of large houses.

The streets were laid in macadam, sidewalks were laid, arrangements were made for a heating service, but none came to patronize the place and the venture collapsed. The deserted village has been a curiosity for Western Ontario motorists in recent years, but the hotel site will be again a wheat field.

## SLAYER OF GIRL BY SPIRIT

Omaha spiritualists, through psychic communication, are attempting to solve the most mysterious murder with which the Omaha police ever have struggled. The other night a group of persons, headed by Thomas Magarrell, secretary of the international Spiritualist Union, claim to have secured the name of the murderer from the spirit of the murdered girl.

Three months ago the body of a girl was found beside an automobile road near Omaha. Although thousands viewed the body, it was never identified, and no trace of the murderer was discovered. Police believe the body was thrown from a passing automobile.

Recently six prominent spiritualists held a circle in a room in which the girl's body had been kept for a week while efforts to identify it were being made. According to Mrs. Mary Munson, one of the six, she got into communication with the spirit of the dead girl and announced the name of the murderer and the fact that he is now in Tampico, Mexico. The name of the man was not made public.

"There was an agreement by at least three of the circle that there were three men and one woman in the party that killed the girl," said Dr. Magarrell after the seance. "A car could be seen leaving Omaha and going north. Returning, one of the women was missing."

## FIREMEN IN 72 B. C.

Many of the so-called "modern improvements" of civilization, which so largely contribute to the comfort of living, are by no means so recent in origin as we are disposed to imagine. As early as 72 B. C. a regular fire department served in Rome, according to the *Youth's Companion*, and many other of our "modern" methods are ages old.

We are accustomed to think of running water in houses as a modern luxury. New York City did not have it until 1776, when a reservoir was constructed east of Broadway, into which water was raised by pumping it from wells dug for the purpose. But that was a very primitive arrangement compared with the system of ancient Rome, by which water was brought from great distances in aqueducts that were marvels of engineering and that emptied through lead pipes into thousands of tanks of hewn stone.

Erected at intervals along the streets of Pompeii were pillars of masonry, up which ran lead pipes, and on top of each pillar was a tank, from which water was distributed by pipes to the houses. All dwellings, except those of the very poor, were thus supplied, and some had nearly a score of faucets, controlled by stopcocks that were much like those that are in use to-day.

At many street corners there were fountains with stone basins, the edges of which even now show depressions worn by the hands of the people who leaned over to drink. Those fountains were fed by the city water, which was brought by an aqueduct from a distant place so elevated that the "head" was very powerful. That kind of engineering was highly developed in those times. When Julius Caesar first visited Alexandria in Egypt he found there so complete an underground water supply system that the city seemed "hollow underneath."

In the year 72 B. C. Julius Caesar organized the fire department of Rome. It had a force of 600 men. At that time a primitive fire engine had already come into use; it was a pair of pumps worked by a beam, and the two streams united in a common discharge pipe and passed out through a nozzle that could be turned in any direction. "Siphons"—emergency fire extinguishers—were commonly kept in houses. Frequent mention is made of them in ancient literature, but we do not know what they were like.

## WORLD'S CHAMPION PIE-MAKER

Who is the champion pie-maker of the world?

Susan Lisby, stout, generous and a recognized pastry wizard, lays claim to that honor.

As head cook of Pennsylvania Military College at Chester, Pa., she has baked exactly 23,600 pies during the past six years. And every one of them has brought gastronomic joy divine to "P. M. C." cadets.

But that is only one item in Susan's pie-making record. For ten years she was pie-maker-in-chief at Swarthmore College, and during that period she baked seventy-five pies a week, or a total of 39,000.

When Susan transplanted her pie-making efforts from Swarthmore to Pennsylvania Military College, there was a near-riot among the Swarthmore students. They held meetings and passed urgent resolutions for the rehabilitation of the pie wizard, but Susan was deep in the joy of concocting fruit-upholstered pastry circles for appreciative cadets and she refused to budge.

Susan's pies have cured the most acute cases of homesickness among the cadets at the college. A cadet's tear ducts may have been moist for days; there may have been a lump in his throat as big as a walnut, but once he collides with one of Susan's pies, memories of home and mother become dim, and joy floods his being.

And still, despite her record, Susan remains unmarried.

"There ain't a man livin' I'd marry unless he could show me a good bank account and a better livin' than pie-makin' has brought me," says Susan.

"Oh, yes; men have eaten my pies, waxed sentimental under the influence of the pastry and got real silly an' proposed. Not long ago a certain well-meanin' man ate one of my pumpkin pies, and when he had eaten the last morsel, he says: 'Susan, I want you in my home for life.' 'Go 'long,' I replies; 'let's see your bank book.' He lit out and I never laid eyes on him again."

"What's my recipe? That's a secret of my business. But I do 'bout as other folks do—mix things up and put the pies in the oven to simmer. I never bother much about them, but somehow they come out all right, with flaky crusts an' luscious insides. It's pie intuition, I guess."

### $1,000,000 PIRATE GOLD FOUND

Pieces of eight Spanish doubloons and other evidences of the depredations of the pirates of a century ago were brought to port recently in a real old treasure chest by R. C. Lewis.

The booty, perhaps the first real pirate's treasure to reach New York, is a part of a $1,000,000 find unearthed by an expedition. Under the leadership of Captain Sackville White the party has been exploring and digging along the coast of the Gulf of Darien the last few years.

The samples Mr. Lewis brought are worth $1,000, according to his declaration before custom inspectors. They will be appraised by a numismatist. Meanwhile Captain Sackville White's party continues digging.

"Not only coins were found," said Mr. Lewis, "but there was a vast quantity of gold bracelets, wonderfully inlaid gold breastplates, other ornaments of gold and 110 pearls of rainbow coloring worth a king's ransom.

"The news of the find has plunged the people of Central America into a fever of excitement. They are organizing treasure-hunt parties by the score. Even American tourists are breaking their cruises in the hope of gaining some of the booty Sir Henry Morgan, Captain Kidd, Pizzarro and other old pirates buried years ago."

Mr. Lewis also brought cutlasses and flintlocks of ancient origin.

### WHAT TONNAGE MEANS

The term "tonnage" in the shipping business has five meanings, according as it refers to deadweight, cargo, gross, net or displacement tonnage. Deadweight tonnage is the difference between the number of tons (of 2240 lbs.) of water a vessel displaces "light" and the number of tons it displaces when submerged to the "load water line."

Cargo tonnage refers to either "weight" or "measurement." The weight ton in the United States and Great Britain is the English long ton of 2,240 pounds. A measurement ton represents 40 cubic feet of space.

Gross tonnage refers to vessels and not to cargo. It is found by dividing the capacity of the vessels' closed-in spaces in cubic feet by 100. A vessel ton is 100 cubic feet.

Net tonnage is a vessel's gross tonnage less the space occupied by the crew, engine-room, bunkers, et cetera. In other words, it is the space available for passengers and cargo.

The displacement of a vessel is the absolute weight in long tons of the vessel and its contents. Its light displacement is its weight without stores, coal or cargo. Its loaded displacement is the weight of the vessel with cargo, fuel and stores.

The Shipping Board, upon whose definitions the above has been written, gives the following relative tonnage figures for a modern freight steamer: If a vessel has a net tonnage of 4,000, its gross tonnage will be 6,000, its deadweight carrying capacity, 10,000, and its loaded displacement, 13,350 tons.


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27 WHO WAS GUILTY? by Beulah Poynter
28 THE EVIL EYE, by Chas. F. Oursler
29 THE THIRTEENTH DOOR, by Edith Sessions Tupper
30 THE GAME OF DETECTIVE CAREW, by L. Jerome
31 LAW-MAKER AND LAW-BREAKER, by Beulah Poynter
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34 AFTER THE GERMAN SPIES, by May Halsey Miller
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36 TRAILED BY A FRENCH DETECTIVE, by Rene Renaud
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# Cured His RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 679F Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

# TOBACCO

# Or SNUFF HABIT

## Cured or NO PAY

No matter whether used in pipe, cigarettes, cigars, chewed, or used in the form of snuff Superba Tobacco Remedy contains nothing injurious, no dope, poisons, or habit forming drugs. Guaranteed. Sent on trial. If it cures costs you one dollar. If it fails, or if you are not perfectly satisfied, costs you nothing. Write for full remedy today.

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# WARNING

In keeping your bowels regular do not become addicted to weakening purgatives or mineral laxatives; but try KORLAX—safe, gentle, wholesome. Best and goes farthest. Obtainable at bury druggists, everywhere. Korlax is relief for many ailments, including constipation, headaches, dizzy spells, belching, gas, heartburn, torpid liver, bad breath, nervousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, obesity, mental and physical dullness.

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Learn to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of FUN fooling the Teacher, Policeman or Friends.

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A little instrument that fits in the mouth out of sight used in conjunction with above for bird calls, etc. Anyone can use it. NEVER FAILS. A 32-page book on Ventriloquism sent with the Ventrilo for 10c (coin) and 2c postage. Also large catalogue of tricks. ROY NOV. CO., Box 79, South Norwalk, Conn.

# YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

## BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. You only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general looking favorably, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays "look your best" at all times.

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose Shaper (Model 24, regarded the most ill-shaped noses into beautiful ones without operation, quickly, safely and permanently, is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation. Being worn at night.

*Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.*

**M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 685 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.**

# Ford Autos

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

## SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1919 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

AUTO STEVENS, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 58 Chicago, Ill.

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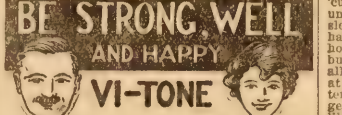
## Box Free To You!

*Would You Like Such a Result as This?*

Do you want, free, a trial box of Koskett, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this adv. by postcard or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of BALDNESS. In many cases, FREE a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? Koskett is used by men and women; it is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days. Address:

Koskett Laboratory, KA 101, Station F, New York, N.Y.

# BE STRONG WELL AND HAPPY

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"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acids' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are suprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of this paper wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 534-E Street, Hallowell, Maine. Send now, lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself, cut out this notice and hand this good news and opportunity to some afflicted friend All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

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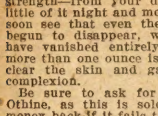

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Reduce 10 to 60 lbs., or more, under $100 GUARANTEE by Korein system. Obtain Oil of Korein at any busy drug store; or write for free brochure to Korein Co., NL-801, Station F, New York City. Become slender by best method. No salts, no thyroid, no starving, no tedious exercising. Delightfully easy, rapid reduction; improves health, symmetry, efficiency; ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE! *Become thin and remain so!* REDUCE WEIGHT HAPPILY!

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# Put an End to CATARRH

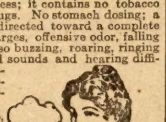
## Head Noises, Hay Fever, Deafness

### An Old Physician's Genuine Remedy that Hits the Spot

Amazing benefits are being reported by persons who suffered from *catarrh*, persistent *colds in the head*, and many who were troubled by *head noises* and *difficult hearing* due to same cause; also *hay-fever* and rose cold.

A noted physician, Dr. Blosser, has found a combination of herbs —fragrant, soothing and healing—to be smoked in a pipe, cigarette, or by burning in a spoon. Inhale the wholesome medicated vapor. Look for quick, happy relief.

The remedy is harmless; it contains no tobacco or other deleterious drugs. No stomach dosing; a pleasant herbal relief directed toward a complete cure of irritation, discharges, offensive odor, falling of mucus into throat; also buzzing, roaring, ringing or other distressing head sounds and hearing difficulty due to ever obnoxious and health injuring catarrh. Rid yourself of it. *Enjoy life!*



Dr. Blosser says also, you should keep some of this smoking compound ready to aid in preventing the dreaded *influenza*. While enjoying the pleasant smoking benefit, you may save your life, so don't be negligent.

You may obtain a proof package of this potent herbal remedy, including holder, pipe and cigarettes (so you may use any form you prefer) by sending only 10 cts., silver or stamps, **The Blosser Company, CA-104, Atlanta, Ga.**

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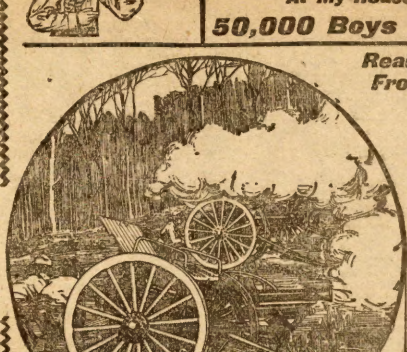
**At My House—To-night**

## 50,000 Boys Made Happy



## Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

**Shows Clear Pictures**

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 24 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

**Sold His for $10.00 and Ordered Another**

Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for $10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Eberth, Mandan, N. Dak.

**Would Not Give Away for $25.00**

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for $25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Breaky, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 34.

**Better Than a $12.00 Machine**

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a $12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.

## A Real Moving Picture Show in Your Own Home

# REAL MOVING PICTURES

**Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine** and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area. The light is produced by a safety carbide generator, such as is used on the largest automobiles. This throws a dazzling white light of 500 candle-power on the screen.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

## How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

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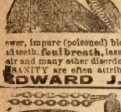

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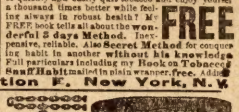

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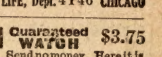

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